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Les Bijoux Indiscrets.

OR, THE

Indiscreet Toys.

Translated from the

CONGÈSE LANGUAGE

Printed at MONOMOTAPA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Adorned with Copper-Plates.

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second Volume.*

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T H E

Indiscreet Toys.

C H A P. I.

Was Mangogul in the right ?



FROM the time that *Mangogul* had received the fatal present of *Cucufa*, the ridicules and vices of the sex were become the eternal subject of his jokes : he was never done with them, and his favorite's patience was frequently quite tired out. Now, two cruel effects of this teizing on her,

as well as on many others, was to put her into a bad humor, and to sour her temper. At those times woe to him that came near her : she made no distinction of persons, and the Sultan himself was not spared.

“ Prince, said she to him, in one
 “ of these peevish fits, tho’ you are
 “ so knowing in many things, per-
 “ haps you do not know the news of
 “ the day.” ——— What is it, said
Mangogul ? ——— “ It is, that every
 “ morning you get by heart three
 “ pages of *Brantome*, or of *Ouville* :
 “ people do not determine which of
 “ these two profound writers you pre-
 “ fer.” ——— They are mistaken, ma-
 dam, answered *Mangogul*, ’tis *Cre-*
billon, that ——— “ O, pray don’t
 “ excuse yourself from that sort of
 “ reading, interrupted the favorite.
 “ The new calumnies that are invent-
 “ ed on us, are so insipid, that it is
 “ better

“ better to revive the old. Truly
 “ there are very good things in this
 “ same *Brantome*: if to these little
 “ stories you add three or four chap-
 “ ters of *Bayle*, you alone will in a
 “ thrice have as much wit as the mar-
 “ quifs *D’——*, and the Chevalier
 “ *de Moubi*. That would spread a sur-
 “ prising variety on your conversa-
 “ tion. When you have equipped
 “ the ladies from head to foot, you
 “ might then fall on the *Pagoda’s*;
 “ and from the *Pagoda’s* you might
 “ return on the women. In truth,
 “ all that you want to make you quite
 “ diverting, is a small collection of
 “ impieties.”

You are in the right, madam, an-
 swered *Mangogul*, and I will take care
 to lay in a good stock. He who is
 afraid of being duped in this world
 and the next, cannot be too much

upon his guard against the power of the *Pagoda's*, the probity of men, and virtue of women.

“ Then, in your opinion, this
 “ virtue is a very ambiguous thing,
 “ replied *Mirzoza* ? More so than
 “ you imagine, answered *Mangagul*.

“ Prince, returned *Mirzoza*, you
 “ have a hundred times talk'd to me
 “ of your ministers as the honestest
 “ men in *Congo*. I have so often pa-
 “ tiently heard the praises of your
 “ Seneschal, of the governors of your
 “ provinces, of your secretaries, of
 “ your treasurer, in a word, of all
 “ your officers, that I am able to
 “ repeat them by memory word for
 “ word. It is strange, that the ob-
 “ ject of your tenderness should be
 “ the only person excepted from the
 “ good opinion, which you have con-
 “ ceived of those who have the ho-
 “ nor of being near your person.”

And

And who told you that it is so, replied the Sultan? Be persuaded, madam, that the discourses, true or false, which I make on women, do by no means concern you, unless you think proper to represent the sex in general.—

I should not advise madam to that, added *Selim*, who was present at this conversation. She would gain nothing by it but defects.

“ I do not, answered *Mirzoza*,
 “ relish compliments which are ad-
 “ dressed to me at the expence of my
 “ sex. When any one takes it into
 “ his head to praise me, I could wish
 “ that nobody suffered by it. Most
 “ of the fine speeches which are of-
 “ fered to us, are like the sumptu-
 “ ous entertainments which your
 “ highness receives from your *Pa-*
 “ *cha*’s: they are always at the ex-
 “ pence of the public.”

Let us pass that by, said *Mangogul*. But sincerely, are you not convinced that the virtue of the women of *Congo* is but a mere chimæra? Pray observe, my soul's delight, what the present fashionable education is, what examples mothers set to their daughters, and how the head of a pretty woman is filled with the notion, that to confine herself to domestic affairs, to manage her family, and keep to her husband, is to lead a dismal life, to be eat up with vapors, and to bury herself alive. And at the same time we men are so forward, and a young unexperienced girl is so raptured with being attack'd. I have said that virtuous women were rare, excessively rare; and far from changing my sentiment, I might add freely, that 'tis surprizing they are not more so. Ask *Selim* what he thinks of the matter.

Prince

“ Prince, answered *Mirzoza*, *Selim* has too great obligations to our sex, to tear them in pieces without mercy.”

Madam, said *Selim*, his highness, who could not possibly meet with cruel women, ought naturally to think of the sex as he does : and you, who have the good nature to judge of others by yourself, can hardly have any other sentiments than those which you defend. I will own however, that I am apt to believe there are women of sense, to whom the benefits of virtue are known by experience, and whom a serious reflection has convinced of the ill consequences of an irregular life ; women happily born, well educated, who have learn'd to feel their duty, who love it, and will never swerve from it.

“ And not to lose ourselves in speculative reasoning, added the fa-

“ vorite, is not *Egle*, with all her
 “ sprightliness and charms, a model
 “ of virtue? Prince, you cannot
 “ doubt it, and all *Banza* knows it
 “ from your mouth : now, if there
 “ be one virtuous woman, there may
 “ be a thousand.”

Oh ! as to the possibility, said
Mangogul, I dispute it not.

“ But if you allow it possible, re-
 “ plied *Mirzoza*, who has revealed to
 “ you, that they do not actually
 “ exist ? ”

Nothing but their Toys, answered
 the Sultan. And yet I grant that this
 evidence does not come up to the
 strength of your argument. May I
 be transform'd into a mole, if you
 have not borrowed it from some *Bra-*
min. Order the *Manimonbanda*'s chaplain
 to be called, and he will tell you that
 you have proved the existence of vir-
 tuous women, much as he demon-
 , strates

strates that of *Brama*, in *Braminology*.

A propos, have you not taken a course in that sublime school, before you entered the *Seraglio*?

“ No ill-natured jokes, replied
“ *Mirzoza*. I do not draw my con-
“ clusion from possibility: I ground
“ it on a fact, on an experiment.”

Yes, continued *Mangogul*, on a
same fact, on a single experiment;
while, to your certain knowledge, I
have a multitude of trials for my opi-
nion: but I will not sour your temper
by farther contradictions.

“ It is a favor, said *Mirzoza*,
“ that after two hours teizing, you
“ cease to persecute me.”

If I have committed this fault, an-
swered *Mangogul*, I will endeavour
to make amends for it. Madam, I
give up all my past advantages; and
if, in the trials which I shall hereafter
make, I light on a single woman really

and constantly virtuous.—“ What
 “ will you do, interrupted *Mirzoza*
 “ smartly ? ”

I will declare to the world, if you require it, that I am charmed with your reasoning on the possibility of virtuous women ; I will support the reputation of your logic with all my might ; and will give you my castle of *Amara*, with all the *Saxon* Porcelaines which adorn it ; even without excepting the little *Sapajou*, or red-faced monkey in Enamel, and the other valuable nick-nacks, which I had out of the cabinet of *Madame de Verue*.

“ Prince, says *Mirzoza*, I will be
 “ content with the Porcelaines of the
 “ castle, and the little monkey.”

A bargain, replies the Sultan, *Selim* shall be our judge. I only desire a little respite before I examine *Egle's*
 Toy.

Toy. The court air, and her husband's jealousy, must be allowed time to operate.

Mirzoza granted a month to *Mangogul*; which was double the time he required: and they parted equally filled with hope.

The city of *Banza* also would have been full of wagers on either side, if the Sultan's promise had been divulged. But *Selim* kept the secret, and *Mangogul* clandestinely prepared for winning or losing. As he was quitting the favorite's apartment, he heard her call out to him from her closet: "Prince, and the little monkey." And the little monkey, answered *Mangogul*, and went out. He was going directly to the private lodge of a senator, whither we will attend him.



C H A P. II.

The fifteenth trial of the Ring.

A L P H A N A.

THE Sultan was not ignorant, that the young lords of the court had private lodges ; but he was lately informed, that those retreats were likewise used by some senators. He was much surprized at this. “ What do they do there, said he to himself? (For in this volume he will keep up the custom of monology, which he contracted in the first.) I should think, that a man, whom I have entrusted with the tranquillity, fortune, liberty, and lives of my people, ought not to have a private lodge. But perhaps a senator’s private

"vate lodge is quite different from
 "that of a *Petit-Maitre*. Can a magi-
 "strate, before whom the interests of
 "the greatest of my subjects are dis-
 "cussed, who holds the fatal urn, out
 "of which he is to draw the widow's
 "lot, can he, I say, forget the dig-
 "nity of his state, and the importance
 "of his duty; and while *Cockin* fa-
 "tigues his lungs in vain by carrying
 "the cries of the orphan to his ear,
 "can he be studying subjects of gal-
 "lantry, which are to be ornaments
 "over the door of a place of secret
 "debauchery? That cannot be.—
 "However, let us see."

He said, and departed for *Alcanto*,
 where the senator *Hippomanes* has his
 private lodge. He enters, walks round
 the apartments, and examines the fur-
 niture. Every thing has a gay appear-
 ance. The private lodge of *Agésilas*, the
 nicest and most voluptuous of his cour-
 tiers,

tiers, is not more elegant. He was on the point of resolving to leave it, without knowing what to think ; (for besides all the rich beds, the looking-glass alcoves, the soft sofa's ; the cabinet of exquisite liquors, and every thing else, were silent witnesses of what he desired to know :) when he espied a corpulent figure stretched on a couch, and sunk in a deep sleep. He turn'd his ring on her, and from her Toy he obtained the following anecdotes.

“ *Alphana* is the daughter of a
 “ senator. If her mother's life had
 “ been shorter than it was, I should
 “ not have been here. The immense
 “ wealth of the family was squandered
 “ by the old fool : and she left little
 “ or nothing to her four children,
 “ three boys and a girl, whose Toy I
 “ am, alas ! to my great misfortune,
 “ and to be sure for my sins. How
 “ many,

“ many indignities have I suffered !
 “ How many more still remain to be
 “ borne ! The world said, that the
 “ cloister agreed very well with the
 “ fortune and figure of my mistress ;
 “ but I found it did not suit with me :
 “ I preferred the military art to the
 “ monastic state, and I made my first
 “ campaigns under the Emir *Azalaph*.
 “ I perfected myself under the great
 “ *Nangazaki*. But the ingratitude of
 “ the service disgusted me, and made
 “ me quit the sword for the gown.
 “ Thus I am upon the point of be-
 “ longing to a little scoundrel of a
 “ senator, quite bloated with his ta-
 “ lents, his wit, his figure, his equi-
 “ page, and his birth. I am now
 “ two hours in waiting for him. To
 “ be sure he will come, because his
 “ gentleman has apprized me, that
 “ when he comes, it is his madness to
 “ let people wait a long time.”

Al-

Alphand's Toy was thus far advanced, when *Hippomanes* arrived. At the bustle of his train, and the caresses he bestowed on his favorite greyhound, *Alphana* awoke. "Oh! are you there, my queen, says the little president? 'Tis very difficult to come at you. How do you like my little lodge; it is as good as some others, is it not?"

Alphana putting on a bashful, shy, distressed air, as if we had never seen a private lodge before, says her Toy, and as if I had no share in her adventures, cried out in a mournful manner. "My lord president, I take an unaccountable step for you. The passion that drags me to you must surely be very violent, since it shuts my eyes to the dangers which I incur. For what would the world say, if there was any suspicion of my being here?"

You

You are right, answered *Hippomanes*; your proceeding is liable to misinterpretations. But you may rely on my discretion.

"But, replied *Alphana*, I rely also
"on your conduct."

Oh! as to that, says *Hippomanes*, I shall be very modest: and how is it possible not to be as devote as an angel in a private lodge? In truth, you have a charming neck——

Ha' done, says *Alphana*, you break your word already.

Not at all, replies the president; but you have not answered my question. What do you think of this furniture? And then turning to his grey-hound, come hither, *Folly*, give me thy paw, my child. *Folly* is a good girl. —— Will madam be pleased to take a turn in the garden? Let us walk on my terrafs, it is a charming one. I am overlooked by
some

some of my neighbours, but possibly they will not know you. —

“ My lord president, I am not
“ curious, says *Alphana* with an air
“ of dudgeon. I think we are better
“ here.”

Just as you please, answers *Hippomanes*. If you are tired, there is a bed. If you have the least inclination, I advise you to try it. Young *Asteria*, and little *Phenice*, who are great judges, assure me that it is a good one. While *Hippomanes* was talking thus impertinently to *Alphana*, he pull'd off her gown by the sleeves, unlaced her stays, untied her petticoats, and disengaged her two clumsy feet from two little slippers.

When *Alphana* was almost naked, then did she perceive that *Hippomanes* was undressing her. — “ What
“ are you doing, cryed she quite
“ surprized? President, you don't
con-

“ confider. I fhall be angry in
“ earneft.”

Ah, my queen, answered *Hippomanes*, to be angry with a man who loves you as I do, would be fuch an oddity as you are not capable of. May I prefume to entreat you to walk to this bed?

“ To this bed, replied *Alphana*.
“ Ah! my lord prefident, you abuse
“ my tendernefs. I to go into a bed!
“ I, into a bed!

No, no, my queen, answered *Hippomanes*. That is not the thing, who defires you to go to it. But you muft, if you please, fuffer yourfelf to be conducted to it: for you may eafily conclude from your fize, that I cannot be in the humor of carrying you to it. — Nevertheless he grafped her about the waift, and making fome efforts, Oh how weighty fhe is, fays he. But, my child, if you do
not

not lend a helping hand, we shall never reach it.

Alphana was sensible that he spoke truth, lent her assistance, compassed getting on her legs, advanced towards that bed, at which she had been so scared, partly on her own feet, and partly on the shoulders of *Hippomanes*, to whom she pantingly said: " Surely I must have been a
" great fool to come hither. I con-
" fided in your good conduct, and
" your extravagance is quite unrea-
" sonable." — Not at all, answered the president, not at all. You see that what I do is decent, very decent.

'Tis probable that they said many other genteel things of this sort ; but as the Sultan did not think proper to spend more time in attending their conversation ; those things are lost to posterity. What a pity !

C H A P.



C H A P. III.

Sixteenth trial of the Ring.

The PETITS-MAITRES.

TWICE a week the favorite kept a drawing room. The preceding evening she named the women whom she would willingly see, and the Sultan gave the list of the men. The company always came richly dress'd. The conversation was either general, or particular. When the amorous history of the court fail'd of furnishing real diverting adventures, stories were invented, and necessity sometimes compell'd them to run into bad tales; which were called a continuation of the *Arabian nights entertainments*. The men had
the

the privilege of saying all the extravagant things that came into their heads, and the women that of knotting, while they gave ear to them. At these meetings, the Sultan and his favorite put themselves on a level with their subjects: their presence gave no sort of check to whatever could amuse; and people seldom found the time tedious. *Mangogul* had learned early in his life, that pleasures are not to be found above the foot of the throne, and no man descended from it with better grace, or knew how to put off majesty more *a propos*.

While he was surveying the private lodge of the Senator *Hippomanes*, *Mirzoza* waited for him in the rose-colour'd salon, with the youthful *Zaide*, the chearful *Leocris*, the lively *Serica*, *Amina* and *Benzaira*, the wives of two Emirs, *Orphis* the prude, and
Vetula

Vetula the great Seneschal's lady, temporal mother of all the *Bramins*. It was not long before he appeared. He enter'd attended by count *Hannetillon* and the chevalier *Fadaes*. *Alciphenor* an old rake, and his disciple young *Marmolin* followed him ; and two minutes after, arrived the Pacha *Grisgrif*, the Aga *Fortimbek*, and the Selihtar *Velvet-Paw*. These were the most absolute *Petits-Maitres* of the court. *Mangogul* call'd them together designedly. Having heard a thousand stories of their gallant exploits, he resolved to be informed in such a manner as might banish all future doubt. " Well, gentlemen, " says he to them, ye whom nothing " escapes, that passes in the empire of " gallantry, what news from thence ? " how far are the speaking Toys " got."

Sir,

Sir, replied *Alciphenor*, the racket they make encreases daily : and if it continues, we shall soon not be able to hear ourselves. But nothing is so diverting as the indiscretion of *Zabeida's* Toy. It has given her husband a catalogue of her adventures. And a prodigious one, says *Marmolin* : it mentions five aga's, twenty captains, almost an entire company of janissaries, twelve *Bramins* : and they say that I am named too, but that is a mere joke. The best part of the affair is, added *Grigrif*, that the affrighted husband ran away with his fingers in his ears.

“ This is quite horrible, said *Mirzoza*.” Yes, madam, interrupted *Fortimbek*, horrible, frightful, execrable. “ More than all that, if “ you please, replied the favorite, to “ dishonor a woman upon hearsay.”
Ma-

Madam, it is literally true, *Marmolin* has not added one word to the story, says *Velvet-Paw*. It is fact, says *Grisgrif*. Good, says *Hannetillon*, there is an epigram already handed about concerning it, and an epigram is not made for nothing. But why should *Marmolin* be safe from the prattle of the Toys? *Cynara's* Toy has insisted on speaking in its turn, and to blend me with people, who do not stake their all. But how to help that? The right thing is not, to be disturbed at it, says *Velvet-Paw*. You are right, answered *Hannetillon*, and instantly fell to singing:

“ *Mon bonheur fut si grand, que j'ai*
 “ *peine à le croire.* ”

My fortune was so great, that I can scarce believe it.

“ Count, says *Mangogul* to *Hannetillon*, then you have been particularly acquainted with *Cynara* ? ”

Sir, answered *Velvet-Paw*, who doubts it ? He has walk’d with her for more moons than one ? they have been song’d ; and all this would have lasted to this day, if he had not at length discovered that she was not handsome, and that she had a large mouth. Allowed, replied *Hannetillon* ; but that imperfection was balanced by an uncommon agreeableness.

How long since this adventure, ask’d the prude *Orphisia* ? Madam, replied *Hannetillon*, its epoch is not present to my memory. I must have recourse to the chronological tables of my good fortune. There may be seen the day and minute : but ’tis a large volume, with which my servants amuse themselves in the antichamber.

Hold,

Hold, says *Alciphenor*, I recollect that it was precisely a year after *Grif-grif* fell out with *Madame la Seneschale*. She has the memory of an angel, and can tell you exactly. — That nothing is more false than your date, answered the Seneschal's lady gravely. 'Tis well known that block-heads were never of my taste. Yet, madam, replied *Alciphenor*, you will never persuade us, that *Marmelin* was excessively wise, when he was conducted into your apartment by the back stairs, whenever his highness summoned the Seneschal to council. There can be no greater extravagance in my opinion, added *Valvet-Paw*, than to enter into a woman's chamber by stealth, for nothing at all; for people thought nothing more of his visits than what was really fact, and madam was already in full enjoyment of that reputation of virtue, which

He has so well supported since that time.

But that is an age ago, says *Fadaes*. It was pretty much about that same time that *Zulica* made a slip from the Selihtar, who was her humble servant, to take possession of *Grisgrif*, whom she drop'd six months after; she is now got as far as *Fortimbek*. I am not sorry for my friend's little stroke of good luck; I see her, I admire her, but entirely without any pretensions.

Yet *Zulica*, says the favorite, is very amiable. She has wit, taste, and something, I know not how, engaging in her countenance, which I should prefer to charms. I grant that, madam, answer'd *Fadaes*: but she is maigre, has no neck, and her thigh is so skinny, that it raises one's pity.

You

You are well acquainted with it, to be sure, added the Sultana. Oh! madam, replied *Hannetillon*, you may guess that. I have visited *Zulica* but seldom, and yet I know as much of that affair as *Fadaes*. I can easily believe you, says the favorite.

But *a propos*, might one ask *Gris-grif*, says the Selihtar, if he has been long in possession of *Zirpbila*. There is what you may call a pretty woman. She has an admirable shape. And who doubts it, added *Marmolin*!

How happy is the Selihtar, continued *Fadaes*. I give you *Fadaes*, interrupted the Selihtar, for the best provided gallant of the court. To my knowledge he has the Visir's wife, the two prettiest actresses of the opera, and an adorable *Grisfette*, whom he keeps in his private lodge. And I, replied *Fadaes*, would give up the Visir's wife, the two actresses and

the *Grifette*, for one glance, from a certain woman, with whom the *Señictar* is very well, and who has not the least suspicion that the world knows it; and then stepping up to *Leocris*, says, your blushes are ravishing.—

Hannetillon was a long time wavering, says *Marmelin*, between *Melissa* and *Fatima*, two charming women. One day he was for *Melissa* the fair, the next for *Fatima* the nut-brown. The poor man, continues *Fadaes*, was strangely embarrassed; why did he not take them both? So he did, says *Aleiphenor*.

Our *Petits-Maitres* were, as you see, in a right cue not to stop here; when *Zobeida*, *Cynara*, *Zulica*, *Melissa*, *Fatima* and *Zirpbila* sent in their names. This ill-timed circumstance disconcerted them for a moment; but they soon recover'd from
their

their ruffe, and fell on other women, whom their detraction had hitherto spared, only because they had not time to tear them to pieces.

Merzoxa, quite out of patience at their discourfes, said : “ Gentlemen, “ confidering the merit and probity “ in particular, which muft needs be “ allowed ye, it cannot be doubted “ but that you have enjoyed all the “ good fortunes of which you boast : “ I muft own nevertheless, that I “ would be very glad to hear the “ Toys of thefe ladies on this head ; “ and that I would moft heartily “ thank *Brama*, if he would deign to “ render juftice to truth by their “ mouths.”

That is to fay, replies *Hannetillon*, that madam would defire to hear the fame things twice over : well, to oblige her, we’ll repeat them.

But *Mangogul* set about applying his ring in order of seniority : he began by *Madame la Seneschale*, whose Toy cough'd three times, and with a trembling and broken voice said :

“ To the great Seneschal I am indebted for the first fruits of my pleasures : but I had not been his property above six months, when a young *Bramin* gave my mistress to understand, that a woman can do no injury to her husband, while she thinks on him. I relished the moral, and thence forward thought I might with a safe conscience admit a senator, then a privy councillor, then a pontif, then one of two masters of Requests, then a musician” — And *Marmolin* ? says *Fadaes*. — *Marmolin*, replies the Toy, I know him not, unless it be that young coxcomb, whom my lady ordered to be kick'd out of her house,

house, for some insolence, the particulars of which I have forgot.—

Cynara's Toy took up the discourse, and said : “ Do you interrogate me “ concerning *Alciphenor*, *Fadaes*, and “ *Grisgrif* ? I have indeed been pretty “ well served ; but this is the first “ time that I ever heard these folks “ named. However, I shall get some “ account of them from *Amalek* the “ Emir, *Telenor* the Financier, or “ the Visir *Abdiram*, who know the “ whole world, and are my good “ friends.”

Cynara's Toy is discreet, says *Hannetillon* : it mentions not *Zarafis*, *Abiram*, the old *Trebister*, and the young *Mahmoud*, who is not made to be forgotten ; nor does it accuse the least *Bramin*, tho' it has been running thro' the monasteries these twelve years.

" I have received some visits in my life, says *Melissa's Toy*, but not one from *Grisgrif* or *Fortimbek*, and much less still from *Hannetillon*."

My little heart of a *Toy*, replied *Grisgrif*, you are mistaken. You may disclaim *Fortimbek* and me, but as to *Hannetillon*, he is better with you than you allow. He has told me a word or two on the subject, and he is a spark of the greatest veracity in *Congo*, a better man than any of those whom you have known, and is still capable of establishing the reputation of a *Toy*.

The reputation of an impostor can no more escape him than his friend *Fadaes*, says *Fatima's Toy* with a Sob. What have I done to these monsters to dishonour me? The son of the *Abyssinian* Emperor came to *Erguebzed's* court: I pleased him; he pursued me, but he would have fail'd

fail'd of success; and I should have continued faithful to my husband, whom I loved; had not the traitor *Velvet-Paw* and his base accomplice *Eadaes* corrupted my women, and introduced the young prince into my bath.

The Toys of *Zirpbila* and *Zalicia*, who had the same cause to defend, spoke both at the same time, but with such rapidity, that it was extremely difficult to resist each of them its due.

— Favors, cried one! — To *Velvet-Paw*, says the other! — Something may be said for *Zinzim* — *Cerbélon* — *Bemengel* — *Agarias* — the French slave *Riqueli* — the young Ethiopian *Thezack* — But as for the insipid *Velvet-Paw* — the insolent *Eadaes* — I swear by *Drama* — I call the great *Pagoda* and the Genius *Cucupha* to witness — I know them not — I never

never had the least dealings with them.——

Zirphila and *Zulica* would have run on, God knows how far, if *Mangogul* had not turn'd off his ring: but as this magic ring ceased acting on them, their Toys closed their lips, and a profound silence succeeded the noise they made. Then the Sultan rose up, and darting furious looks on our young blockheads, said: “ You have taken the liberty to defame
“ women whom you never had the
“ honour of coming near, and who
“ hardly know your names. Who
“ has made ye insolent enough to lie
“ in my presence? Tremble, wretch-
“ es.” At these words he grasped his cymeter: but the screams of the affrighted ladies stop'd his hand. “ I
“ was going, says *Mangogul*, to give ye
“ the death which you have merited:
“ but the ladies, whom you have in-
“ jured,

“ jured, have a right to determine
 “ your fate : it shall depend on them,
 “ either to crush ye, or to let ye live.
 “ Speak, ladies, what are your com-
 “ mands ?”

That they live, says *Mirzoza*, and hold their tongues, if possible.

“ Live, replies the Sultan, these
 “ ladies permit it : but if ever you
 “ forget on what condition, I swear
 “ by my father’s soul”——

Mangogul did not complete his oath ; being interrupted by one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, who inform’d him that the comedians were ready. This prince had imposed it on himself as a law never to retard the public diversions. “ Let them begin,” says he, and immediately gave his hand to the favorite, whom he accompanied to her box.

C H A P.

CHAP. IV.

Seventeenth trial of the Ring.

The COMEDY.

HAD the taste of good declamation been known in Congo, there were some comedians who might well be spared. Of thirty persons which composed the band, there was but one great actor, and two tolerable actresses. The genius of authors was obliged to comply with the mediocrity of the greatest number; and there was no room to hope, that a play would be performed with any tolerable success, without taking care to model the characters on the defects of the comedians. This is what was meant in my time by the custom

custom of the stage. Formerly the actors were made for the pieces; but now the pieces were made for the actors. If you offer'd a new play, to be sure it underwent an examination, to know whether the subject was engaging, the intrigue well connected, the characters supported, and the diction pure and flowing: but if there were no parts for *Roscius* and *Amiana*, it was refused.

The *Kislar Aga*, superintendant of the Sultan's pleasures, had pack'd a company of players together, as he could find them, and this was the first representation of a new tragedy at the Seraglio. It was composed by a modern author, who had gain'd such reputation, that tho' his piece had been but a string of impertinences, it would assuredly have met with a favorable reception. But he did not debase his character. His
work

work was well written, his scenes conducted with art, his incidents managed with dexterity, the interest went on increasing, and the passions in being developped. The acts, naturally link'd together, and full, constantly held the audience in suspense with regard to the sequel, and satisfied with what was past : and they were got to the fourth act of this master-piece, to a very moving scene, which was a preparation to another still more interesting ; when *Mangogul*, in order to save himself from the ridicule of listening to the tender parts, pull'd out his glass, and acting the inattentive, surveyed the several boxes. In the front box he observed a woman in great emotion, but of an ill-timed sort, as having no relation to the piece. His ring was instantly levelled at her, and in the midst of most pathetic commendations, a Toy,
pant-

panting for breath, was heard addressing the player in these terms :

“ Ah ! ——— Ah ! ——— Pray stop,

“ *Orgogli* ; ——— you melt me ex-

“ cessively ——— Ah ! ——— Ah ! ———

“ There’s no bearing it.” ———

The audience listened, and look’d towards the place whence the voice proceeded : and the word ran thro’ the pit, that it was a Toy that made the speech. Which Toy, says one, and what has it said ? And without waiting for an answer, there was a general clap and cry : *Encore, encore*. The author, who was behind the scenes, fearing that this unlucky accident might interrupt the representation of his piece, foamed with rage, and gave the whole race of Toys to Belzebub. The noise was great and lasting ; and had it not been for the respect due to the Sultan, the play would have stop’d short at this incident :

dent : but *Mangagul* made a sign for silence ; the actors resumed their parts, and went thro' the play.

The Sultan, curious to know the consequences of so public a declaration, caused the Toy that made it, to be observed. Word was soon brought him, that the player was to go from the stage to *Eriphila's* house. He prevented him, thanks to the power of his ring, and was in this lady's apartment when *Orgogli* sent in his name.

Eriphila was under arms, that is, in an amorous *deshabille*, and wantonly stretch'd on a couch. The comedian entered with a solemn, haughty, insipid air of a conqueror. With the left hand he waved a plain hat with a white feather in it, and caressed his nostrils and upper lip with the tops of the fingers of his right hand, a very theatrical gesture, which was admired
by

by *Connoisseurs*. His bow was cavalier, and his compliment familiar. "Oh! my queen, cried he, in "an affected tone, stooping to *Eri-* " *phila*, what a trim you are in! But "do you know that in that careless "garb you are adorable."——

The tone of this scoundrel shock'd *Mangogul*. This prince was young, and might possibly be ignorant of certain customs.——"Then you like me, my dear, answered *Eriphila*." To ravishment, I tell you. —— "That gives "me great joy. I wish you would "repeat that passage which raised such "emotions in me a while ago. That "passage —— there —— yes —— "It is that same —— How seducing "a rogue he is? —— But go on; "that moves me strangely."

In pronouncing these words, *Eriphila* darted such glances on her hero, as bespoke every thing, and stretch'd out her

her hand to him, which the impertinent *Orgogli* kissed by way of acquittance. Prouder of his talent than of his conquest, he declaimed with emphasis, and the lady was so enraptur'd, that one minute she conjur'd him to continue, and the next to stop. *Mangul* judging by her looks, that her Toy would willingly play its part in this rehearsal, chose rather to guess at the rest of the scene, than to be present at it. He disappear'd, and return'd to the favorite, who expected him.

On the recital which the Sultan made her of this adventure,——
 “ Prince, what do you say, cried
 “ she? Then the women are fallen
 “ into the lowest degree of meanness!
 “ A comedian, the slave of the pub-
 “ lic! A buffoon! Well, if those
 “ folks had nothing against them but
 “ their state of life: but most of
 “ them

“ them have neither morals nor sen-
 “ timents ; and even among them,
 “ that *Orgogli* is but a machine. He
 “ has never thought, and if he had not
 “ learn’d some parts in plays, perhaps
 “ he would never have spoken.”——

Delight of my heart, replied *Man-*
gogul, you run into lamentations
 without considering the matter suffi-
 ciently. Then have you forgot *Ha-*
ria’s pack ? By *Jove*, a comedian, I
 think, is as good as a pug-dog.

“ You say right, prince, resumed
 “ the favorite. I am a fool for inter-
 “ esting myself for creatures that do
 “ not deserve it. Let *Palabria* idó-
 “ lize her boobies ! Let *Salica* have
 “ her vapors treated by *Forfadi* in
 “ her own way ! Let *Haria* live and
 “ dye among her dogs ! Let *Eripbila*
 “ abandon herself to all the buffoons
 “ of *Congo* ! What is all this to me ?
 “ I only risque a castle thereby. Nay,

“ I

"I perceive that I must have no thoughts of it, and I have taken my resolution accordingly."

Farewell then the little monkey, says *Mangogul*.

"Farewell the little monkey, replies *Mirzoxa*, and the good opinion which I had conceived of my fox: I believe I shall never resume it. Prince, you will allow me not to suffer a woman to enter these doors this fortnight at least."

But you must have some company, added the Sultan.

"I shall enjoy your company, or please myself in expecting it, replied the favorite: and if any moments remain on my hands, I shall dispose of them in favor of *Rictaric* and *Sellu*, who are attached to me, and whose conversation I love. When I happen to be tired of the

“ erudition of my lecturer, your
 “ courtier will divert me with the ad-
 “ ventures of his youth.”



CHAP. V.

Conversation on literature.

THE favorite loved men of ge-
 nius, without pretending to
 be a genius herself. On her toilette,
 among jewels and other female orna-
 ments, the novels and pamphlets of
 the time were to be met with, and
 she talk'd of them wonderfully well.
 From a *Cavagnal* and *Biribi* she passed
 with ease and propriety to the dis-
 course of an academician, or other
 learned man : and every body con-
 fessed, that the natural delicacy of her
 understanding made her discover
 beauties or defects in those several
 works,

works, which had somerimes escaped their lucubrations. *Mirzoxa* astonished them by her penetration, embarrassed them by her questions ; but never abused the advantages which her wit and beauty gave her : and people were not sorry for being detected in the wrong by her. Towards the close of an evening, which she had passed with *Mangogul*, *Selim* came, and she sent for *Ricaric*. The *African* author has reserved *Selim's* character for another place : but he informs us here, that *Ricaric* was a member of the academy of *Congo* ; that his erudition had not hindered him from being a man of wit ; that he had acquired a profound knowledge of former ages ; that he had a scrupulous attachment to the ancient rules which he cited eternally ; that he was a machine by principles ; and that it was impossible to be a more zealous par-

partisan of the first writers of *Congo*; but more especially of one *Mirouffa*, who, about 3040 years before, had composed a sublime poem in the *Cassian* language, on the conquest of a great forest, out of which the *Cassies* expelled the monkeys, who were in possession of it from time immemorial. *Ricard* had translated it into *Congese*, and published a very beautiful edition of it, illustrated with notes, *Scholia*, various readings, and all the embellishments of a Benedictine edition. Besides, they had of him two bad tragedies writ according to all the rules, a panegyric on crocodiles, and some opera's.

I bring you, madam, says *Ricard* with a low bow, a novel, which is ascribed to the marchioness *Tamazi*; but in which we unluckily discover the hand of *Mulbazen*, the answer of our president *Lambadago* to the discourse

of the poet *Tuxigraphus*, which we received yesterday, and the Tamerlan of this last.

This is admirable, says *Mangogul* ! The press goes on incessantly ; and if the husbands of *Congo* performed their duty as well as the writers, in less than ten years I might be enabled to set sixteen hundred thousand men on foot, and promise myself the conquest of *Monémugi*. We will read the novel at leisure. Now let us see the harangue, especially that part which relates to me.

Ricarc turn'd it over, and light on this passage. “ The ancestors of our
 “ august emperor have rendered
 “ themselves illustrious without doubt.
 “ But *Mangogul*, greater than they,
 “ has prepared quite different subjects of admiration for future ages.
 “ What do I say of admiration ? Let
 “ us speak more accurately ; of in-
 “ credulity.

“ credulity. If our ancestors had
 “ cause to assert, that posterity would
 “ esteem as fables the wonders of
 “ *Kanaglou's* reign ; how much more
 “ reason have we to think, that our
 “ descendants will refuse credit to
 “ the prodigies of wisdom and va-
 “ lor, of which we are witnesses ?”

My poor Mr. *Lambadago*, says the Sultan, you are but retailer of phrases. What I have reason to believe, is that your successors will one day eclipse my glory by that of my son, as you make my father's vanish before mine ; and so on, as long as there will be one academician left. What think you, Mr. *Ricaric* ?

Prince, all that I can say, answered *Ricaric*, is, that the passage which I have read to your highness, was extremely relished by the public.

So much the worse, replied *Mangogul*. Then the true taste of elo-

quence is lost in *Congo*? It was not thus that the sublime *Homilogo* praised the great *Aben*.

Prince, said *Ricaric*, true eloquence is nothing but the art of speaking in a noble, and at the same time agreeable and persuasive manner.

Add, and sensible, continued the Sultan, and upon this principle judge your friend *Lambadago*. With all the respect that I have for modern eloquence, he is but a false declaimer.

But, prince, answered *Ricaric*, without passing the bounds of that, which I owe your highness, will you permit me——

What I give you full permission to do, replied *Mangogul* smartly, is to respect good sense beyond my highness, and to tell me sincerely, if an eloquent man can ever dispense himself from shewing some signs of it.

No,

No, prince, answered *Ricaric*, and he was going to string up a long bead-roll of authorities, and cite all the rhetoricians of *Afric*, the two *Arabia's*, and *Cbina*, in order to prove the most incontestable thing in the world, when he was interrupted by, *Selim*.

All your authors, said the courtier, will never prove that *Lambadago* is not a very awkward and indecent haranguer. Pray, Mr. *Ricaric*, excuse these expressions. I honour you in a singular manner ; but indeed, laying aside the prejudice of confraternity, can you avoid allowing with us, that, as the Sultan now reigning is just, amiable, beneficent, and a great warrior, he does not stand in need of the embroidery of your rhetoricians, to be as great as his ancestors ; and that a son, who is exalted by depressing his father and grandfather, would be very

ridiculously vain, if he were not sensible, that in embellishing him with one hand, he is disfigured by the other. In order to prove that *Mangogul* is as well-made a man as any of his predecessors, do you think it necessary to knock off the heads of the statues of *Erguebzed* and *Kanaglou*?

Mr. *Ricaric*, says *Mirzoza*, *Selim* is in the right. Let every one enjoy what belongs to him, and let us not make the public suspect, that our panegyrics are a sort of robberies committed on the memory of our fathers: declare this from me in the next full meeting of the academy.

People are too long in possession of this custom, replied *Selim*, to expect any benefit from this advice.

I believe, Sir, that you are mistaken, said *Ricaric* to *Selim*. The academy is still the sanctuary of good taste; and its best times do not afford

us either philosophers or poets, whom we cannot match at this day. Our stage has passed, and may still pass for the first stage of *Africa*. Oh! what a work is the *Tamerlane* of *Tuxigraphus*! 'Tis the pathetic of *Eurisope*, and the loftiness of *Azopba*. 'Tis antiquity quite pure.

I saw, said the favorite, the first representation of *Tamerlane*; and join with you in thinking the work well conducted, the dialogue elegant, and the propriety of characters well observed.

What difference, madam, interrupted *Ricard*, between such an author as *Tuxigraphus*, fattened with the perusal of the ancients, and most part of our moderns.

Yet these moderns, said *Selim*, whom you demolish here at your ease, are not so contemptible as you pretend. What, don't you find genius,

invention, fire, details, characters, and fine strokes of wit in them? And of what importance are rules to me, provided a writer pleases me? Certainly it is neither the observations of the wise *Almudir* and the learned *Abaldok*, nor the art of poetry of the deep-read *Facardin*, which I have never perused, that makes me admire the pieces of *Aboulcazem*, *Mubardar*, *Albaboukre*, and many other *Sarracens*! Is there any other rule but the imitation of nature; and have we not as good eyes as those who studied her?

Nature, answered *Ricard*, presents us with different faces every instant. They are all true, but, all are not equally beautiful. It is in these works, on which you seem not to set any great value, that we should learn to choose. They are collections of their own experiments, and also of those
which

which had been made before them: Whatever strength of understanding a person may have, things must be observed successively ; and one man cannot hope to see in the short course of his life, all that had been discovered to his time. Otherwise we may assert, that any one science might owe its birth, progress, and utmost perfection to one head : which is contrary to experience.

Mr. *Ricard*, replied *Selim*, the only consequence that I can draw from your argument is, that as the moderns are in possession of treasures amassed up to their times, they must be richer than the ancients ; or, if this comparison displeases you, that as they are raised on the shoulders of those giants, they ought to see farther than them. And in fact, what is their natural philosophy, their astronomy, their navigation, their mechanics,

their calculations, in comparison of ours? And why may not our eloquence and poetry have the superiority likewise?

Selim, said the Sultana, *Ricart* will, at some proper time, give you the reasons of this difference. He will tell you why our tragedy is inferior to that of the ancients: for my part, I willingly undertake to shew you, that it is so. I will not accuse you, continued she, of not having read the ancients. Your mind is too well adorned, to be ignorant of their stage. Now, abstracting from certain notions relative to their customs, manners and religion, which shock you purely because circumstances are changed; you will allow that their subjects are noble, well-chosen, and interesting; that the action naturally develops itself; that their dialogue is simple, and very near nature; that
the

the unravelling of their plot is not strained ; that the interest is not divided, nor the action overloaded with episodes. Transport yourself in idea to the isle of *Alindala* ; examine every thing that passes there ; attend to all that is said, from the moment that young *Ibrahim* and the crafty *Forfanti* landed thereon : approach the cave of the wretched *Polissile* ; dose not a word of her complaints ; and then tell me, if any one circumstance draws you out of the illusion. Name me a modern piece that can bear the same examination, and pretend to the same degree of perfection ; and I grant you the victory.

By *Brans*, cried the Sultan yawning, madam has made an academical dissertation.

I do not understand the rules, continued the favorite ; and much less the learned words, in which they are

expressed : but I know that nothing but the *True* can please and touch. I also know that the perfection of a dramatic piece consists in the exact imitation of an action, so that the spectator, continually deceived, imagines he is present at the very action. Now, pray, is there any thing like this in the tragedies which you extol to us?

Do you admire the manner in which they are conducted ? It is generally so complicated, that it must be a miracle, that so many things should happen in so little time. The ruin or preservation of an empire, the marriage of a princess, the loss of a prince ; all this is done with the turn of a hand. Is the subject a conspiracy ? It is sketch'd out in the first act ; it is connected and strengthened in the second ; all the measures are taken, the obstacles removed, the con-

conspirators are quite ready for action in the third ; immediately there shall be a revolt, an engagement, perhaps a pitch'd battle ; and you will call this conduct, interest, fire, verisimilitude : I can never excuse it, in you especially, who are not ignorant, what it sometimes costs to put an end to a pitiful intrigue ; and how much time the smallest political affair absorbs in taking measures, in previous meetings, and in deliberations.

I grant, madam, answered *Selim*, that our pieces are a little overcharged ; but it is a necessary evil : without the assistance of episodes, the audience would be chill'd.

That is to say, that in order to give spirit to the representation of a fact, it must be made such as it neither is, nor ought to be. This is ridiculous in the highest degree ; unless it be
still

still more absurd to make the violins play up rigadoons and country-dances, while the audience are in deep concern for a prince, who is on the point of losing his mistress, his throne and his life.

Madam, you are in the right, said *Mangogul*: the music should be mournful on those occasions; and I go to order you some of that kind. *Mangogul* rose up, went out, and the conversation was continued between *Selim*, *Ricard*, and the favorite,

At least, madam, replied *Selim*, you will not deny, that if the episodes draw us out of the illusion, the dialogue leads us back into it. I see none who understand it like our tragic writers.

Then, nobody understands it, returned *Mirzoza*. The emphasis, wit, and affected decorations, which predominate in it, are a thousand leagues distant

distant from nature. In vain does the author endeavour to conceal himself, my eyes are penetrating and I discover him incessantly behind the persons of the drama. *Cinna*, *Sertorius*, *Maximus*, and *Æmilius*, are *Corneille's* speaking trumpets in almost every page. This is not the way that people converse in our ancient *Sarracen* authors. *Ricard* will, if you desire it, translate you some scenes out of them; and then you will hear pure nature speaking by their mouths. I could willingly say to the moderns: "Gentlemen, instead of
 "dealing out wit to your personages
 "on every occasion, put them into
 "such circumstances as must inspire
 "them with sense."

After what madam has declared on the management and the dialogue of our drama's; there is no great probability;

bability, says *Selim*, that she will shew indulgence to the plots.

No certainly, replied the favorite : there are a hundred bad for one good. This is not brought on properly, that is quite miraculous. Is an author encumbered with a personage, which he has drag'd from scene to scene thro' five acts, he dispatches him with a stab of a ponyard : every body falls to crying, and I burst into laughter. Besides, did mortals ever speak as we declaim ? Do kings and princes walk otherwise than a well-bred man ? Have they ever gesticulated like persons possessed or raging mad ? Do princesses speak in a shrill squeaking tone ? It is generally supposed that we have carried tragedy to a high degree of perfection ; and I on the contrary think it is next to demonstration, that of all the kinds of literary works, to which the *Africans* have
ap-

applied themselves in these latter ages, this is the most imperfect.

The favorite was advanced thus far in her sally against our theatrical pieces, when *Mangogul* returned: “ Madam, said he, you will oblige me in continuing. You see I have a secret to abridge a poetical subject, when I find it tedious.”

I suppose, continued the favorite, a person just arrived from *Angola*, who had never heard a play mentioned; but otherwise does not want good sense and breeding, has some acquaintance with the courts of princes, the intrigues of courtiers, the jealousies of ministers, and the double dealings of women ; to whom I say in confidence : “ My friend, there are terrible commotions actually in the Seraglio. The prince, dissatisfied with his son, in whom he suspects a passion for the *Manimonbanda*, is
a man

" a man capable of taking the most
 " cruel vengeance of them both.
 " This adventure will, in all proba-
 " bility, be attended with dismal con-
 " sequences. If you choofe it, I will
 " make you an eye-witness of all that
 " passes." He accepts my offer, and
 I carry him into a box screen'd by a
 blind, from whence he fees the stage,
 which he takes for the Sultan's pa-
 lace. Do you believe, notwithstand-
 ing the serious air I put on, that this
 person's illusion can last a moment ?
 Will you not rather agree with me,
 that the stiff-affected carriage of the
 actors, the oddity of their dress, the
 extravagance of their gestures, the
 emphasis of a singular language in
 rhyme and cadence, and a thousand
 other shocking dissonances, must
 make him laugh in my face before the
 first scene is over, and tell me either
 that

that I make game of him, or that the prince and all his court are mad.

I own, said *Selim*, that this supposition strikes me : but may I not observe to you, that people go to the play-house, fully perswaded that they are to see the imitation of an event, and not the event itself.

And ought that perswasion, replied *Mirzoza*, to hinder the players from representing the event in the most natural manner ?

All this means, madam, interrupted *Mangbegul*, that you put yourself at the head of the censors.

And if your opinion be received, continued *Selim*, the empire is threatened with the decay of good taste ; barbarism will revive, and we are in danger of relapsing into the ignorance of the ages of *Mamurra* and *Orondado*.

My

My lord, pray have no such apprehensions. I hate peevish humors, and will not add to their number. Besides, I have the glory of his highness too much at heart, to think of ever attempting to tarnish the splendor of his reign. But if credit were given to us, is it not true, Mr. *Riccaric*, that literature would shine with greater lustre ?

How, said *Mangogul*, have you not a memorial on this subject to present to my Seneschal ?

No, sir, answered *Riccaric*; but after having thanked your highness in behalf of the Literati, for the new inspector, which you have given them ; I would most humbly remonstrate to your Seneschal, that the choice of learned men appointed to revise manuscripts is an affair of great nicety : that this trust is committed to persons, who seem to me very much inferior
to

to their employ ; and from thence results a crowd of evil effects, such as curtailing good works, cramping the best genius's, who not being at liberty to write in their own way, either write not at all, or send their productions with considerable sums to foreigners ; giving a bad opinion of those topicks which are prohibited to be discussed, and a thousand other inconveniencies, which it would be too tedious to mention to your highness. I would advise him to retrench the pensions of certain literary leaches, who are always craving unmercifully ; I mean glossators, antiquaries, commentators, and others of this stamp, who would be very useful, if they did their business well ; but who are got into the wretched custom of passing over obscure places, and of dwelling upon passages that admit of no difficulty. I would have him be very

attentive to suppress almost all posthumous works ; and not to suffer the memory of a great author to be tarnished by the covetousness of a bookseller, who collects and publishes, a long time after a man's death, such works as he had condemned to oblivion in his lifetime. And I, continued the favorite, would point out to him a small number of men of distinguished merit, such as Mr. *Ricario*, on whom he may bestow your benefactions. Is it not somewhat surprising, that the poor man has no provision made for him, while the precious chiromancer of the *Manimonbanda* receives a thousand sequins a year from your treasury.

Well, madam, answered *Mangul*, I assign Mr. *Ricario* the like sum on my coffers, in consideration of the wonderful things you tell me of him.

Mr.

Mr. *Ricard*, said the favorite, I also must do something for you : in your favor I sacrifice the small resentment of my self-love ; and in consideration of the recompence which *Mangogul* has granted to your merit, I forget the injury he has done me.

Pray, madam, may I ask you what that injury is, replied *Mangogul* ?

You may, Sir, and I will tell you. You yourself make us embark in a conversation on the *Belles-Lettres* : you begin by a piece of modern eloquence, which is not extraordinary ; and when, to oblige you, we prepare to pursue the disagreeable argument which you have started, you are seized with uneasiness and yawning, you teize yourself in your seat, you change your posture a hundred times, without finding one easy one : tired in fine of keeping your countenance,

nance, tho' a sad one, you come to a sudden resolution, you get up and disappear : and then, whither do you go ? Perhaps to give ear to a Toy !

I own the fact, madam, but I see nothing in it that should give offence. If a man happens to be disgusted at fine things, and amuse himself with hearing bad, so much the worse for him. This unjust preference takes nothing from the merit of what he has quitted : he only declares himself a bad judge. To this I could add, madam, that while you were labouring hard at *Selim's* conversion, I was working with no better success to procure you a castle. In fine, if I must be culpable, since you have pronounc'd me so, I can assure you that you have had your revenge at the very time.

Pray, how that, said the favorite ?
Thus it is, answered the Sultan. In
order

order to refresh myself from the fatigue of the academical sitting which I had undergone, I went to examine some Toys. ——— Well, prince ——— Well, I never heard such insipid creatures as the two which I light upon. ——— This gives me the highest joy, replied the favorite. ——— They both fell to talking an unintelligible language. I have perfectly well retained every thing they said ; but let me die, if I understand a word of it.





C H A P. VI.

*Eighteenth and nineteenth trials of the
Ring.*

*The flatted Spheroid, and Girgiro
the entangled: catch who can.*

THAT is singular, continued
the favorite. Till this moment
always imagined, that the chief
ult found with Toys, was their
eaking too plainly. Oh! madam,
plied *Mangogul*, these two are not of
at tribe; understand them who can.
You know that little crumpling of
woman, whose head is sunk into
r shoulders, whose arms are hardly
be seen, and whose legs are so
ort, and her belly so lank, that one
ight mistake her for a hedge-hog,
a clumsy ill-develop'd embryo,
who

who bears the nick-name of the *flat-
ted Spheroid*; who has filled her head
with a notion that *Brama* called her
to the study of geometry; because he
has given her the figure of a bowl;
and who consequently might have
chosen the profession of artillery: for
considering her make, she must have
issued out of nature's bosom, as a
bullet out of the mouth of a cannon.

Willing to receive informations
from her Toy, I examined it. But
the vorticoſe creature ſpoke in terms
of ſuch ſublime geometry, that I did
not underſtand one word, nor perhaps
did it underſtand its own language.
It was nothing but right lines, concave
ſurfaces, given quantities, longitude,
latitude, profundity, ſolids, living
forces, dead forces, cone, cylinder,
conic ſections, curves, elastic curves,
curve re-entring into itſelf, with its
point conjugated——

I pray your highness to excuse me from the rest, cried the favorite mournfully. You have a cruel memory, enough to put one to death. It has raised a swimming in my head, which I dare say I shall not get rid of these eight days. But was the other so diverting ?

You shall be the judge, replied *Mangogul*. By *Brama's* great toe, I have performed a prodigy. I have retain'd its motly gibberish word for word, tho' it be so thoroughly void of sense and perspicuity, that if you give me a subtilè and critical explanation of it, madam, you will make me an acceptable present.

How have you said, prince, cried *Mirzoza* ? Let me die, if you have not stolen that phrase from somebody.

I can't tell how it has happened, replied *Mangogul* : for these two Toys are the only persons to whom I have
given

given audience this day. The last, on whom I turned my ring, after a moment's silence, said, as if addressing an audience,

“ Gentlemen,

“ I shall take the liberty to avoid
 “ seeking, to the contempt of my own
 “ reason, a model of thinking and
 “ expressing myself. But yet if I
 “ advance any thing new, it shall not
 “ be affectation, but the subject shall
 “ have furnished me with it : if I re-
 “ peat what has been already said, it
 “ will be my own thought, as well as
 “ it has been that of others. Let
 “ not irony come to turn this pre-
 “ amble into ridicule, and accuse me
 “ of either not having read, or of
 “ having read to no purpose. A Toy
 “ like me is not made for reading, or
 “ profiting by its reading, or foresee-
 “ ing an objection, or answering it.

“ I shall not debar myself of re-
 “ flections and ornaments propor-
 “ tioned to my subject ; the rather
 “ because in this regard it is extremely
 “ modest, and will not admit of any
 “ great quantity or brilliancy. But
 “ I will avoid sinking into those little
 “ minute details, which fall to the
 “ share of the barren orator. It would
 “ be cause of great grief to me to be
 “ suspected of this defect.

“ After having informed ye, gentle-
 “ men, of what you are to expect
 “ from my discoveries and elocution,
 “ some few strokes of the pencil will
 “ be sufficient to sketch you out my
 “ character.

“ You know, gentlemen, as well
 “ as I, that there are two sorts of
 “ Toys : proud Toys and modest
 “ Toys. The former are haughty,
 “ and always expect the place of ho-
 “ nour. The latter affect to be cour-
 “ teous,

“teous, and present themselves with
 “an air of submission. These two
 “intentions appear manifestly in the
 “execution of their projects, and
 “determine both sorts to act accord-
 “ing to the genius that guides them.

“I imagined, thro’ attachment to
 “the prejudices of my first educa-
 “tion, that I should open to myself a fa-
 “fer, easier, and more agreeable career,
 “if I preferr’d the part of humility to
 “that of pride ; and I offered myself
 “with infantile bashfulness and wim-
 “ning supplications to all, whom I had
 “the good fortune to meet.

“But oh ! how unhappy are the
 “times. After ten times more *but*s
 “and *ifs* and *ands* than were sufficient
 “to make the most unemployed Toy
 “lose all patience, my services were
 “accepted. Alas ! this job was of
 “short duration. My first possessor
 “giving himself up to the flattering

“ glory of a new conquest, discarded
“ me, and I found myself all at once
“ out of employment.

“ My treasure was gone, and I did
“ not flatter myself that fortune
“ would make me amends for it. In
“ effect the vacant place was occu-
“ pied, but not filled by a Sexage-
“ narian, to whom good will was less
“ wanting than the means.

“ He laboured with all his might
“ to make me forget my past state.
“ He had for me all that behavior,
“ which is esteemed polite and en-
“ gaging in the career that I pursued:
“ but his efforts did not conquer my
“ regret.

“ If industry, which is said never
“ to fall short, made him find in the
“ treasures of the natural faculty some
“ abatement to my grief; this com-
“ pensation to me appeared insuffi-
“ cient, in spite of my imagination,
which

“ which was daily on the rack to find
“ new resemblances, and even to sup-
“ pose imaginary ones, but to no
“ purpose.

“ Such is the advantage of pri-
“ macy, that it seizes the idea, and
“ forms a barrier against every thing
“ that would afterwards present itself
“ under other forms : and such is,
“ shall I say it, to our shame, the un-
“ grateful nature of Toys, that they
“ never take the good-will for the
“ deed.

“ This remark seems to me so na-
“ tural, that, without being indebted
“ to any body for it, I cannot think
“ that I am the only one who has
“ made it. But if any person before
“ me has been struck with it ; at
“ least, gentlemen, I am the first
“ who undertake, by demonstrating
“ it, to set its full value in a proper
“ light.

“ I am far from laying the least
 “ blame to the charge of those who
 “ have raised their voice hitherto, for
 “ having let this stroke escape them ;
 “ my self-love being abundantly sa-
 “ tisfied, to be able, after so great a
 “ number of orators, to present my
 “ observation as something new.”—

Ah ! prince, cried *Mirzoza* smart-
 ly, I fancy I hear the chiromancer of
 the *Manimonbanda*. Apply to him,
 and you will have the subtle and criti-
 cal explanation, of which you would
 in vain expect the agreeable present
 from any other person.

The *African* author says, that
Mangogul smiled, and continued.
 But I do not intend, says he, to re-
 late the rest of his discourse. If this
 beginning has not given as much
 amusement as the first pages of *La*
Fle Tante, the sequel would be more
 tire-

tiresome than the last pages of the
Fée Mouffache.



C H A P. VII.

Mirzoza's dream.

BY the time that *Mangogul* had finished the academical discourse of *Girgiro* the entangled, night came on, and the company went to bed.

That night the favorite might well flatter herself with sleeping soundly : but the evening's conversation ran in her head while asleep : and its ideas mixing with others, produced an odd dream, which she did not fail relating to the Sultan, in these words.

I was in my first sleep, when I imagined that I was transported into an immense gallery quite full of books. I shall say nothing of their contents :

they were to me at that time, what they are to many others, who are not asleep. I did not so much as look at one title-page : a more striking sight attracted my whole attention.

From space to space between the presses, that contain'd the books, there were pedestals, on which were placed most beautiful busto's of marble and *Bronze*. The injury of time had spared them ; and, some little defects excepted, they were entire and perfect. That nobleness and elegance which characterized the works of the ancients, were stamped on them. Most of them had long beards, large foreheads like yours, and engaging countenances.

I was anxious to learn their names, and know their merit, when a woman came thro' the casement of a window, and accosted me. Her shape was genteel, her gait majestic, and her
car-

carriage noble, sweetness and loftiness were blended in her looks, and her voice had some inexpressible charm that delighted. A helmet, a coat of mail, and a flowing petticoat, made up all her attire. “ I know your
 “ anxiety, said she to me, and am
 “ going to satisfy your curiosity : the
 “ men whose busto’s have struck you,
 “ were my favorites. They consecrated
 “ their studies to the perfection of the elegant arts, whereof
 “ the invention is due to me. They
 “ lived in the most polite countries of
 “ the world, and their writings,
 “ which were the delight of their contemporaries,
 “ are the admiration of the present age. Draw near, and
 “ you will see carved on the several pedestals in *Basso rilievo*,
 “ some remarkable subjects, which
 “ will at least point out to you the
 “ character of their writings.

The



The first busto which I examined, was that of a majestic old man, who seem'd to have been blind. In all probability he had fung of battles: for such were the subjects on the sides of his pedestal. The front was all taken up with a single figure, which was that of a young hero. His hand grasped the handle of his cymeter, and a woman's arm appear'd holding him back by the hair of the head, who seem'd to moderate his wrath.

Opposite to this bust was plac'd that of a young man: he was the picture of modesty. His looks were turned on the old man with uncommon attention. He had also fung of wars and combats: but these were not the only subjects that employ'd him: for of the *Basso rilievo's* which surrounded him, the principal one represented on one side husbandmen stooping

stooping on their ploughs, and tilling the ground ; on the other, shepherds stretched on the grass, and playing on their flutes amidst their herds and dogs.

The busto placed below the old man on the same side, had a wild look. His eye seem'd to pursue some object that was flying from him : and under him were represented a lyre carelessly thrown aside, scattered laurels, broken chariots, and fiery horses running away in a vast plain.

Fronting this I saw a busto, which made so deep an impression on me, that I fancy I see him still. He had a fine air, an aquiline pointed nose, a steady look, and an arch smile. The *Basso rilievo's*, which adorned his pedestal, were so full of matter, that it would be an endless task to undertake the description of them.

After

After examining some others, I began to ask some questions of my guide.

“ Who is that, said I, who bears truth on his lips, and probity on his countenance.” He was, replied she, the friend and victim to both. He spent his life in improving his fellow citizens in knowledge and virtue, and these ingrateful citizens put him to death.

“ And this busto placed below him ?” Which ? That which appears supported by the graces carved on the sides of his pedestal ? “ The same.” — He is the disciple and inheriter of the sense and principles of the unfortunate virtuous man above-mentioned.

“ And this lusty jolly fellow, crowned with vine branches and myrtle, who is he ?” — A lovely philosopher, who made it his sole bu-

business to sing and taste pleasure. He died in the arms of voluptuousness.

“ And this other blind man ? ” — He is, said she — But I waited not for her answer. I imagined I was got among my acquaintance, and hurried to a busto placed opposite to him. This was posed on a trophy of different attributes of arts and sciences : *Cupids* sported among them on one of the sides of the pedestal : on another was a group of the Genii of politics, history, and philosophy. On the third, on one hand appear'd two armies drawn up in battle-array ; astonishment and horror dwelt on every countenance, blended with marks of admiration and pity. These passions were probably excited by an object, which was there express'd. It was a young man expiring, and by his side an aged warrior, who pointed his

his sword to his own breast. These figures were exquisitely beautiful, and nothing could be more artfully touch'd than the despair of the one, and the mortal languor spread throughout the limbs of the other. I drew nearer, and under it I read this inscription in gold letters: *Alas! this was his son.*

On the other hand was carved a furious Sultan, plunging a poniard into the breast of a young person, in sight of a multitude of people. Some turn'd their heads aside, others melted in tears: and round this relieve were these words engraved: *Is it you, Nerestan?*

As I was passing to other busto's, a sudden noise made me look back. It was made by a band of men cloath'd in long black gowns. Some carried censers, which exhaled a gross vapor; others had garlands of flowers in their hands,

hands, gather'd without choice, and disposed without taste. They march'd up to the busto's, and offered incense to them, singing hymns in two unknown languages. The smoke of their incense stuck to the busto's, and the crowns of flowers put on them made a most ridiculous sight. But the antiques soon resumed their beauty, and I saw the crowns wither and fall shriveled on the ground. There arose a quarrel among this set of barbarians, because some of them had not bent the knee low enough in the opinion of others; and they were on the point of coming to blows, when my guide dispersed them with one look, and re-established tranquillity in her habitation.

Scarcely were they eclipsed, when I saw a long train of pigmies entering by an opposite door. These little men were not two cubits high, but
in

in recompense they had very sharp teeth and very long nails. They divided into several bands, and fell on the busto's. Some endeavour'd to scratch the basso relievo's, and the floor was strewed with the broken pieces of their nails. Others, with greater insolence, mounted on one another's shoulders, to the highth of the heads, and gave them raps with their fists. But what diverted me much, was that these raps, instead of reaching the nose of the bust, rebounded on that of the pigmy; in consequence of which, upon a close inspection, I found most of them to be flat-nosed.

“ You see, says my guide, the
 “ impudence and chastisements of
 “ these myrmidons. This war has
 “ lasted a long while, and always to
 “ their disadvantage. I use them
 “ with less severity than the black
 “ gowns.

“ gowns. The incense of the latter :
 “ might possibly disfigure the busto’s ;
 “ but the efforts of the former ge-
 “ nerally end in augmenting their
 “ beauty. But as you have not above
 “ an hour or two to remain here,
 “ I advise you to pass to other ob-
 “ jects.”

A great curtain opened that instant,
 and I saw a work shop occupied by
 a different sort of pigmies. These
 had neither teeth nor nails ; but in
 return they were armed with razors
 and scissers. In their hands they
 held heads, which seemed animated ;
 and they were very busy with these
 heads, in cutting off the hair of one,
 pulling off the nose and ears of an-
 other ; putting out the right eye of
 this, the left of that, and in dissecting
 almost all of them. After this fine
 operation, they viewed them atten-
 tively, and smiled, as if they thought
 them

them the prettiest heads in the world. In vain did the heads send forth loud cries, they scarcely deign'd to make them any answer. I heard one begging back its nose, and remonstrating that it could not possibly appear in public without that piece. " My friend, head, replied the pigmy, " you are a fool. That nose, which " you regret, disfigured you. It " was long, long—You never would " have made your fortune with it. " But since it has been curtail'd and " pared, you are charming, and " you will have many a spark after " you."

While the fate of those heads mov'd my compassion, at a distance I saw other more charitable pigmies, who were crawling on the ground with spectacles on. They were picking up noses and ears, and fitting them to some old heads, from which time had

had disengaged them. There were some of them, but those were few in number, who succeeded: the rest fixed the nose where the ear should be, and the ear where the nose: and this rendered the heads more disfigured than before.

Being very desirous to know what all those things meant, I ask'd my guide: and she had just open'd her lips, in order to give me an answer, when I awoke in a fright.

That was cruel, says *Mangogul*: this female would have revealed a number of mysteries to you. But in her stead, I am of opinion that we ought to address ourselves to my juggler *Bloculocus*. Who, replied the favorite? That lilly fellow, to whom you have granted the sole privilege of shewing the magic lantern in your court. The same, answered the Sultan. He will interpret your dream,
or

or no body can. Let *Bloculocus* be called, says *Mangogul*.



CH A P. VIII.

*Twenty-first and twenty-second Trials of
the Ring.*

FRICAMONA and CALLIPIGA.

THE *African* author does not inform us what became of *Mangogul*, while he waited for *Bloculocus*. 'Tis very probable that he went out, catechized some Toys ; and that satisfied with the intelligence he received from them, he return'd to the favorite sending forth shouts of joy, which begin this chapter. " Victory, victory ! cried he. You triumph, madam ; the castle, the porcelains, and the little *Sapajou* are yours."

'Tis

'Tis *Egle*, without doubt, replied the favorite? "No, madam, no, 'tis not *Egle*, interrupted the Sultan, "but another female." Prince, says the favorite, envy me no longer the comfort of knowing this Phoenix. — "Well, 'tis : who would have thought it?" It is? says the favorite. — "Fricamona, replies *Mangogul*." — "Fricamona! says *Mirzoza* : I see no impossibility in that. This woman has spent the greatest part of her youth in a convent; and since she left it, she has led the most edifying and most retired life imaginable. No man has set his foot within her doors, and she has, in some measure, made herself the abbess of a troop of young devotees, whom she trains up to a state of perfection, and of whom her house does not grow thin. There was nothing there to

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answer your purpose, added the favorite, smiling and nodding her head.

Madam, you are in the right, says *Mangogul*. I have interrogated her Toy, but no answer. I doubled the virtue of my ring, by rubbing it once and again. Nothing came of it. "To be sure, said I to myself, this Toy must be deaf;" and I was preparing to leave *Fricamiana* on the couch where I found her, when she began to speak, by the mouth I mean.

"Dear *Acaris*, cried she, how
 "happy am I in those moments,
 "which I snatch from every thing
 "that employs me, to deliver myself
 "up to thee. After those which I
 "pass in thy arms, these are the
 "sweetest of my life.——Nothing
 "disturbs me; around me all is
 "silence: my curtains not quite
 "closed, let in but just as much day as is
 "ne-

“ necessary for moving me to tender-
 “ nefs, and gazing on thee. I com-
 “ mand my imagination : it calls thee
 “ forth, and immediately I fee thee.
 “ Dear *Acaris*, how beautiful thou
 “ appear’st to me !—— Yes, those
 “ are thy eyes, thy smile, thy mouth.
 “ Hide not that growing blush from
 “ me——Let me kiss it——I
 “ have not sufficiently gazed on it.—
 “ Let me kiss it again. Ah ! let me
 “ die on it——What fury seizes me ?
 “ —— *Acaris*, dear *Acaris*, where art
 “ thou ?——Come then, dear *Acaris*.
 “ Ah ! dear and tender friend, I swear
 “ to thee, that unknown sentiments
 “ have taken possession of my soul.
 “ It is filled with them, it is astonished
 “ at them, it is not able to contain
 “ them.——Flow, delightful tears;
 “ flow, and ease the ardor which de-
 “ vours me.——No, dear *Acaris*,
 “ no ; that *Alizali*, whom thou pre-
 “ fer’st

“fer’st to me, will not love thee as
 “I do——But I hear a noise—Ah!
 “’tis *Acaris* without doubt——Come,
 “dear female friend, come”——

Fricamona was not deceived, continued *Mangogul*; for it was *Acaris* herself. I left them to entertain each other; and firmly perswaded that *Fricamona*’s Toy would persevere in its discretion, I hurried to let you know that I have lost my wager.

“But, replied the Sultana, I am
 “quite in the dark with regard to
 “this *Fricamona*. Either she must
 “be mad, or she is cruelly afflicted
 “with vapors. No, prince, no, I
 “have more conscience than you may
 “imagine. I have nothing to object
 “to this experiment: but yet I per-
 “ceive somewhat in it, that hinders
 “me from reaping any advantage by
 “it: and I am resolved to reap none.

“If.

“ If ever I accept your castle and porcelaines, it must be upon a better title.”

Madam, answered *Mangogul*, I do not comprehend you. You are inconceivably difficult. Sure you have not well examined the little *Sapajou*.

“ Prince, I have thoroughly viewed it, replied *Mirzoza*. I know it is a charming thing. But I suspect that this *Fricamona* is not the person I seek. If you desire that I should enjoy it one day or other, apply elsewhere.”

Faith, madam, says *Mangogul*, after mature consideration, I see none but *Mirolo*'s mistress that can make you win the wager.

“ Ah! prince, you dream, answered the favorite. I am not acquainted with your *Mirolo* ; but whosoever he be, since he has a



“ mistress, he does not keep her for
 “ nothing.

Very true, says *Mangogul*; and yet I would lay another wager, that *Callipiga's* Toy knows nothing at all.

Pray be consistent with yourself, continued the favorite. Of two things one must happen, either that *Callipiga's* Toy——But I was embarking in a ridiculous argument——Prince, do whatever you think proper: consult *Callipiga's* Toy; if it keep silence, so much the worse for *Mirolu*, and the better for me.

Mangogul departed, and found himself in an instant close to the jonquil Sopha, embroidered with silver, on which *Callipiga* was reposing. Scarcely had he turned his ring on her, but he heard an obscure voice, which mutter'd out the following discourse.

“ What do you ask me? I do not
 “ comprehend your questions. I am
 “ not

“ not as much as thought of: and

“ yet I fancy I am as good as another.

“ *Mirolò*, it is true, often passes by

“ my door, but * * * * *

“ * * * * *

* * * * *

“ *There is a considerable deficiency in*

“ *this place. The Republic of Letters*

“ *would certainly have great obliga-*

“ *tions to the person, who would restore*

“ *the discourse of Callipiga's Toy, of*

“ *which we have only the two last lines,*

“ *remaining. We invite the learned to*

“ *study them, and consider whether*

“ *this deficiency be not a voluntary*

“ *omission of the author, dissatisfied*

“ *with what he had said, and who yet*

“ *found nothing better to say.* * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

“ It is said that my rival has altars,

“ beyond the Alps. Alas! were it

“ not for *Mirolo*, the whole universe
“ would erect some to me.”

Mangogul returned immediately to the seraglio, and repeated to the favorite the complaint of *Callipiga's* Toy, word for word: for he had a wonderful memory. “ Every circumstance of this story, madam, said he, concurs to make you win: I give up the whole wager; and you will thank *Callipiga* when you shall think proper.”

Sir, answered *Mirzoza* seriously, 'tis to the most confirmed virtue that I am resolved to be obliged for the wager, and not——

But, madam, replied the Sultan, I know of none better confirmed than that which has seen the enemy so near.

And for my part, prince, replied the favorite, I understand my own meaning well: and here come *Selim*
and

and *Bloculocus*, who shall be our judges.

Selim and *Bloculocus* entered : *Mangogul* stated the case to them, and they both gave judgment in *Mirzoza's* favor.



C H A P. IX.

Dreams.

MY lord, said the favorite to *Bloculocus*, you must render me another piece of service. Last night a crowd of extravagant fancies disturbed my head. It was a dream of a very odd kind : and I have been assured that you are the most able person of *Congo* in decyphering dreams. Then give me quickly the interpreta-

nion of this, and withal she related her own.

Madam, answered *Bloculocus*, I am but a middling Oneirocritic——Pray spare these terms of art, cried the favorite: drop your learning, and talk reason to me.

Madam, you shall be obeyed. I have some singular notions relating to dreams: and to this alone perhaps I am indebted for the honour of conversing with you, and for the epithet of Saturnine. I will explain them to you with all the perspicuity I am capable of.

You are not ignorant, madam, continued he, of what the bulk of philosophers, with the rest of mankind, deliver on that subject. They say, that the objects which most sensibly struck us the preceding day, employ our soul in the night. The traces which they imprinted on the
fibres

fibres of our brain, subsist. The animal spirits, accustomed to flow to certain places, pursue a course which is become familiar to them: and thence arise these involuntary images which afflict or rejoice us. In this system I should think, that a happy lover ought always to be well served by his dreams. Nevertheless it frequently happens that a person who is not cruel to him, while he is awake, in his sleep treats him like a slave; or that instead of enjoying a charming woman, he finds a little deformed monster in his arms.

That is exactly my adventure of last night, interrupted *Mangogul*: for I seldom pass a night without dreaming. It is a family disease; and we dream from father to son, since the Sultan *Togrul*, who dream'd in 7435000000002, and began the custom. Now, madam, last night

you appeared to me, says he to *Mirzoza*. 'Twas your skin, your arms, your breast, your neck, your shoulders, this firm flesh, this easy shape, this incomparable *Embonpoint*, in a word it was yourself ; excepting this circumstance, that instead of that charming face, that adorable head which I expected to find, I found myself nose to nose with the snout of a *Dutch* pug.

I scream'd out dreadfully ; my chamberlain *Kotluk* ran to me, and ask'd me what was the matter. *Mirzoza*, answered I, half asleep, has just now undergone the most hideous metamorphosis. She is become a *Dutch* dog. *Kotluk* did not think proper to awake me : he withdrew, and I fell asleep again : but I can assure you that I knew you wonderfully well, your body with a dog's head.

head. Will *Bloculocus* give me the explanation of this phænomenon?

I do not despair of doing it, answered *Bloculocus*, provided your highness will agree with me in one very plain principle; which is, that all beings have many conformities one with another, by qualities which are common to them: and that it is a certain combination of qualities which characterizes and distinguishes them.

That is evident, replies *Mirzoxa*. *Ipsipbila* has feet, hands, and a mouth, like a woman of sense; and *Pharasma*, adds *Mangogul*, wears her sword like a man of courage.

If a person is not sufficiently acquainted with the qualities, the combination of which characterizes this or that species; or if he passes a hasty judgment, that this combination does or does not belong to this or that individual; he runs the risque of
mistak-

mistaking copper for gold, a paste for a brilliant, a calculator for a geometrician, a retailer of phrases for a wit, *Crito* for an honest man, and *Pbedima* for a pretty woman, added the Sultana.

Well, madam, replies *Bloculocus*, do you know what might be said of those who pass these judgments ?

That they dream wide awake, says *Mirzoxa*.

Very well, madam, continued *Bloculocus* ; and nothing is more philosophical or more exact in a thousand circumstances than this familiar expression : *I believe you dream* : for nothing is more common than men who fancy that they reason, and in reality only dream with their eyes open.

'Tis of these, interrupted the favorite, one may literally say, that their whole life is but a dream.

I can-

I cannot too much admire, madam, replied *Bloculocus*, the ease with which you comprehend such abstruse notions. Our dreams are but precipitate judgments which succeed each other with incredible rapidity, and by bringing objects together, whose sole connection is by very distant qualities, compose one whimsical image.

If I understand you right, said *Mirzoza*, as I think I do, a dream is a piece of patch-work, the patches of which are more in number, more regularly fitted, according as the dreamer has a more lively turn of thought, a more rapid imagination, and a more faithful memory. Might not madness also consist in this? And when an inhabitant of the *Petites Maisons* cries out that he sees lightnings, hears the rattling of thunder, and that gulphs gape under his feet; or when *Ariadne* at her glass smiles at herself,

finds

finds her eyes sparkling, her complexion charming, her teeth white, and her mouth little ; might not one justly say, that these two disordered brains, deceived by very distant affinities, look on imaginary objects as present and real ?

You have hit it off, madam : yes, a due examination of mad folks will convince any body, that their condition is but a continual dream.

I have, says *Selim* addressing himself to *Blœculocus*, some facts by me, to which your notions are very applicable ; which makes me resolve to adopt them. Once I dream'd that I heard some brayings, and that I saw two parallel rows of singular animals coming out of the great mosque ; they walk'd gravely on their hinder feet : the hoods in which their snouts were muffled up, had two holes in each, thro' which issued two long
move-

moveable hairy ears ; and very long sleeves envelopped their fore feet. I rack'd my brain at the time, to find some meaning in this vision : but I now recollect that I had been at *Montmartre* * the preceding evening.

Another time, while we were in the field, commanded by the great Sultan *Erguebzed* in person, and I, harassed by a forced march, was taking a nap in my tent, I thought I had the conclusion of an important affair to sollicite in the divan : I went to appear before the council of regency : but you may judge how much I had reason to be surprized. I found the hall full of racks, troughs, mangers, and coops for fowls ; in the great *Seneschal's* easy chair I saw but an ox chewing the cud ; in the *Seraskier's* place, a Barbary sheep ; on the *Teftesdar's* bench, an eagle with a hooked

* A hill near *Paris* famous for asses.

hooked bill and long talons ; instead of the *Kiaja* and *Kadilefker*, two large owls cloathed in fur ; and for Vifirs, geese with peacocks tails. I presented my petition, and instantly heard a horrible racket, which awakened me.

Is that a dream of very difficult interpretation, said *Mangogul* ? you had at that time some affair in the divan, and before you went thither, you took a walk to the *Menagerie* : but Signor *Blaculocus*, you tell me nothing concerning my dog's head.

Prince, answer'd *Bloculocus*, 'tis a hundred to one, that madam wore, or you had observed some other lady wear a fable tipper ; and that the first *Dutch* dog, which you saw, struck your imagination. There you have ten times more connections than is requisite to employ your mind during your sleep : the resemblance of colour.

hour made you substitute hair for a tippet, and in an instant you planted an ugly dog's head in the place of a very beautiful woman's head.

Your notions to me appear just, replied *Mangogul*: why do you not publish them? they may contribute to the progress of divination by dreams, an important science, which was much cultivated two thousand years ago; and has since been too much neglected. Another advantage of your system is, that it would not fail throwing light on several works, both ancient and modern, which are but a string of dreams; such as *Plato's* treatise of ideas, the fragments of *Hermes Trismegistus*, the literary paradoxes of father *Harduin*, the *Newton*, the optic of colours, and the universal mathematics of a certain *Bramin*. For example, would you not inform us, Mr. *Conjurer*, what *Orcotomus* had
seen

seen in the day time, when he dream'd his *Hypothesis* ; what father C—— had dreamt, when he set about constructing his organ of colours ; and what was *Cleobulus's* dream, when he composed his tragedy ?

With a little meditation, Sir, answered *Bloculocus*, I might compass all that : but I reserve these nice phænomena for the time, when I shall put out my translation of *Philoxenus*, for which I beseech your highness to grant me the privilege.

With all my heart, says *Mangogul* : but who is this same *Philoxenus* ?—— Prince, replies *Bloculocus*, he is a Greek author, who was very knowing in the subject of dreams.——Then you understand Greek ?——Who I, Sir, not a syllable. —— Have you not told me that you are translating *Philoxenus*, and that he wrote in Greek ? Yes, Sir ; but in order to translate a language,

language, it is not necessary to understand it : because translations are made for those only, who understand it not.

That is wonderful, says the Sultan ; Signor *Bloculocus*, well then translate Greek without understanding it. I give you my word, that I will keep the secret, and it shall not make me honour you one jot the less.



C H A P. X.

Twenty-third Trial of the Ring.

F A N N I A.

THERE still remain'd a good part of the day, when this conversation was closed : which determined *Mangogul* to make one trial of his ring, before he retired to his apartment ;

apartment; tho' it were purely to fall asleep on more cheerful ideas than those which had hitherto employ'd him. He went directly to *Fannia's* house; but found her not. He return'd thither after supper; she was still absent. Wherefore he put off his experiment to the next morning.

Mangogul, says the *African* author, whose Journal we translate, was at *Fannia's* house by half an hour after nine this morning. She was but just put to bed. The Sultan drew near her pillow, view'd her for some time, and could not conceive how, with so few charms, she had run through so many adventures.

Fannia is fair even to insipidity, tall, ungainly, with an indecent gait, no features, few *Agréments*, and an air of intrepidity, intolerable any where but at court. As for wit, she is allowed
to

to have just as much as gallantry can communicate : and a woman must be born very weak, if she has not acquired a stock of jargon after a score of intrigues ; for *Fannia* was advanced thus far.

At this time she was possessed by a man suited to her character. He gave himself little or no concern about her infidelities ; tho' indeed he was not as well informed as the public, how far she carried them. He had taken *Fannia* by caprice, and kept her by habit ; like a piece of furniture. They had spent the night at the ball, went to bed at nine, and fell asleep without ceremony. *Alonzo's* indifference would not have suited *Fannia*, were it not for her easy humour. Thus our couple were sleeping soundly back to back, when the Sultan turn'd his ring on *Fannia's* Toy. It instantly began to speak, its mistress to snore, and *Alonzo* to awake.

After

After yawning several times ; “ this
 “ is not *Alonzo* ; what’s o’clock, who
 “ wants me ? your business, said the
 “ Toy. I think I have not been long
 “ in bed, let me take another nap. ”

The Toy was preparing to compose
 itself to rest accordingly ; but that
 was not the Sultan’s intention. “ What
 “ persecution, resumed the Toy.
 “ Once more who wants me, and for
 “ what ? ’tis a misfortune to be born
 “ of illustrious ancestors : how un-
 “ happy is the condition of a titled
 “ Toy ! if any thing could console
 “ me for the fatigues of my state, it
 “ would be the goodness of the noble-
 “ man, whose property I am. Oh !
 “ he is certainly the best man in the
 “ world in that regard. He has ne-
 “ ver given us the least uneasiness :
 “ and in return we have made great
 “ use of the liberty he granted us.
 “ What would have become of me
 grea

“ great *Brama*, if I had fallen to the
 “ share of one of those insipid
 “ wretches, who are always upon the
 “ watch? what a fine life we should
 “ have led ! ”

Here the Toy added some words, which *Mangogul* understood not, and then with surprising rapidity fell to sketching out a crowd of heroic, comic, burlesque, and tragicomic adventures : and it was almost out of breath, when it continued in these terms. “ You
 “ see I have some memory. But I
 “ am like all others ; I have retained
 “ but the smallest part of what I have
 “ been intrusted with. Be satisfied
 “ therefore with what I have related
 “ to you, I can recollect no more at
 “ present.”

’Tis pretty well, said *Mangogul* within himself ; but still he urged afresh. “ Lud, how teizing you are,
 “ resumed the Toy : As if one had

“ nothing better to do than to prate.
 “ Come then, since it must be so,
 “ let us prate on: perhaps when I
 “ have told all, I shall be permitted
 “ to do something else.”

My Mistress *Fannia*, continued the Toy, thro' an inconceivable spirit of retirement, quitted the court, to shut her self up in her house at *Banza*. It was then the beginning of autumn, and every body was out of town. And if you ask me what she did there; Faith, I can't tell. But *Fannia* never did but one thing; and if she had been employ'd that way, I should have known it. Probably she was out of work: true, I now recollect, we spent a day and a half in perfect idleness, which threw us into a cruel fit of the vapors.

I was heart-sick of this sort of life, when *Amisadar* was so good to relieve us from it.—“ Ah! you
 are

"are there, my poor *Amisadar*, in-
 "deed you give me great pleasure.
 "You come to me very oppor-
 "tunely." — And who knew
 that you were at *Banza*, replied
Amisadar? — "No body truly : and
 "neither you nor any one else will
 "ever imagine what brought me hi-
 "ther. Don't you guess at the
 "cause?" — No, really, I cannot
 comprehend it. --- "Not at all?" —
 No, not at all. — "Well then know,
 "my dear, that I resolved to be con-
 "verted" — You, to be con-
 verted? — "Yes, I" — Look on
 me a little : but you are as charming
 as ever, and I see nothing in that
 countenance that bespeaks conversion.
 This is all pleasantry — "No, faith,
 "I am serious. I am determined to
 "renounce the world. I am tired of
 "it" — This is a whim, that
 will soon fly off. Let me die, if ever

you run into devotion—— “ I will,
 “ I tell you : there is no sincerity in
 “ man ”—— Pray has *Mazul* fail’d
 you ? “ I have not seen him this
 age. ”—— Then it must be *Zu-
 pholo* ?—— “ Less still, I have cea-
 “ sed seeing him, I can’t tell how,
 “ without thinking about it. ”—— Ah!
 I have it, ’tis young *Imola* ?—— “ Good,
 “ who can fix such fribbles ? ”—— What
 is it then ?—— “ I can’t tell, I am
 “ angry with the whole earth ?——
 Ah ! Madam, you are in the wrong ;
 for this earth, at which you are angry,
 might furnish you wherewithal to re-
 pair your losses.—— “ Then, *Amisadar*,
 “ you sincerely believe that there are
 “ still some good souls, who have
 “ escaped from the corruption of the
 “ age, and are capable of love ?——
 “ How, love ! Is it possible that you
 “ give into those pitiful notions ?
 “ you

“ you expect to be loved, you ?——

“ And why not ? ”——But reflect, madam, that a man who loves, pretends to be loved, and alone too.

You have too much good sense, to enslave your self to the jealousies and caprices of a tender and faithful lover. Nothing so fatiguing as these folks. To see but them, to love but them, to dream of none but them, to have no wit, humour, or charms but for them ; all this most certainly does not suit you. It would be pleasant to see you stive yourself up in, what is called, the noble passion, and give your self all the awkward airs of a little female cit. “ Well, *Ami-*

“ *sadar*, you seem to be in the right.

“ I verily think it would ill become us

“ to run into fawning love. Let us

“ change then, since it must be

“ so. Besides, I do not see, that

“ those loving women, whom they

“ set us as models, are happier than
 “ others.”—— “ Who told you so,
 “ madam?—— “ No body, but it is
 “ easily foreseen.——“ Trust not to
 “ such foresight? A loving woman
 “ constitutes her own, and her lover’s
 “ happiness : but this part is not suited
 “ to all women.—— “ Faith, my
 “ dear, it is suited to none : for all,
 “ who attempt it, are sufferers. What
 “ advantage is there in fixing to
 “ one?”—— A thousand, a wo-
 man, who fixes her affections, will
 preserve her reputation ; will be so-
 verely esteemed by the man she
 loves ; and you cannot imagine,
 how much love owes to esteem.——I
 “ do not comprehend your meaning,
 “ you make a jumble of reputation,
 “ love, esteem, and I can’t tell what
 “ besides. Would you be under-
 “ stood, that inconstancy must dis-
 “ honour a woman? How, I take a
 “ man,

“ man, and find he does not answer
 “ my expectations : I take another,
 “ and am still disappointed : I change
 “ him for a third, who does not turn
 “ out a jot better : and because I have
 “ had the misfortune to make a score
 “ of wrong choices, instead of pitying
 “ me, you would”—— I would,
 madam, advise a woman who has
 been deceived in her first choice, not
 to make a second ; for fear of being
 deceived again, and running from one
 error into another. —— “ Good God,
 “ what strange morality ! I fancy,
 “ my dear, that you preached me a
 “ quite different sort just now. Might
 “ one be informed what sort of woman
 “ would hit your taste ? ” ——
 Most willingly, madam ; but 'tis late,
 and the discourse would run into too
 great a length. —— “ So much the
 “ better : I am alone, and you will
 “ be company for me. Thus the

“ affair is settled, is it not ? Seat
 “ yourself on this couch, and go on :
 “ I shall hear you more at ease.”

Amisadar obey'd, and sat down
 by *Fannia*. “ That mantelet of
 “ yours, madam, says he, leaning to-
 “ wards her, and uncovering her bo-
 “ som, wraps you up strangely.” —
 You say right. — “ Why then do
 “ you hide such beautiful things, ad-
 “ ded he, kissing them ? ” —
 Come, ha' done. Do you know
 that you are mad ? You are become
 intolerably impudent. Mr. Moralist
 resume the conversation which you
 began.

“ Well then, said *Amisadar*, I
 “ would be glad to find in my mi-
 “ stress a good figure, good sense,
 “ good sentiments, and decency
 “ above all. I would have her ap-
 “ prove my attendance ; not deceive
 “ me by looks ; make me thoroughly
 “ sen-

“ sensible, once at least, that I am
 “ agreeable to her ; and even inform
 “ me how I may become still more so ;
 “ not conceal from me the progress I
 “ make in her heart ; give ear to
 “ none but me, have no eyes but for
 “ me ; neither think, nor even
 “ dream, but of me ; love but me ;
 “ busy herself about nothing but me ;
 “ do nothing but what may tend to
 “ convince me of all this : and at
 “ length yielding herself up to my
 “ transports, let me plainly perceive
 “ that I owe every thing to my love
 “ and to hers. Oh, what a triumph,
 “ madam ! And how happy is the
 “ man who possesses such a woman !”

—Alas, my poor *Amisadar*, you
 are certainly out of your senses. You
 have drawn the portrait of woman
 who does not exist.—“ Pardon me,
 “ madam, there are some in being. I
 “ own that they are rare ; but yet I

“ have had the good fortune to light
 “ of one. Alas! if death had not
 “ snatch’d her from me, for ’tis death
 “ alone that ever robs one of such
 “ women, perhaps I should be in her
 “ arms at present.”—— But how
 then did you behave with her?—“ I
 “ loved to distraction, and miss’d no
 “ opportunity of giving her proofs
 “ of my passion. I had the sweet sa-
 “ tisfaction of seeing that they were
 “ well received. I was scrupulously
 “ faithful to her, and she to me.
 “ The only disputes between us were,
 “ whose love was strongest; and in these
 “ little debates it was, that we laid
 “ our hearts open. We were never so
 “ fond as after this scrutiny of our
 “ souls. Our caresses always became
 “ more tender and vigorous after our
 “ explanations. Oh! what love and
 “ truth were then in our looks! I
 “ read in her eyes, and she in mine,
 “ that

“ that we burned with equal and mu-
 “ tual ardor.”——And whither did
 all this lead ye ? --- “ To pleasures
 “ unknown to all mortals less amo-
 “ rous and sincere than us.”——
 You enjoyed ? —— “ Yes I enjoyed,
 “ but a good on which I set an infinite
 “ value. If esteem does not intoxi-
 “ cate, at least it hightens the in-
 “ toxication considerably. We un-
 “ bosom’d ourselves without reserve,
 “ and you can’t imagine how much it
 “ strengthened our passion. The
 “ more I examined, the more per-
 “ fections I discovered, and the great-
 “ er were my transports. I spent
 “ half my time at her feet, and I re-
 “ gretted the loss of the rest. I made
 “ her happiness, and she filled up the
 “ measure of mine. I always saw
 “ her with pleasure, and always quit-
 “ ted her with pain. Thus we lived
 “ together : and now, madam, you
 G 6 “ may

“ may judge if loving women are so

“ much to be pitied”——No they

are not, if what you tell me be true ;

but I can scarcely believe it. There

is no such love as you describe. Nay,

I imagine, that such a passion as you

have felt, must make a man purchase

the pleasures it affords at the expence

of great uneasinesses. ----“ I had some,

“ madam, but I was fond of them.

“ I felt some twitches of jealousy.

“ The least alteration which I remark-

“ ed in her countenance, spread the

“ alarm all over my soul”——

What extravagance ! Upon mature

consideration, I conclude that it is

better to love in the present fashionable

way ; to take a lover at one's ease,

keep to him while he amuses, quit

him when he becomes tiresome, or

that our fancy speaks for another. In-

constancy affords a variety of pleasures

unknown to you languishing folks. ---

“ I

" I grant that that method may be
 " proper enough for little kept mi-
 " stresses and common women ; but
 " does not suit with a man of tender-
 " ness and delicacy. At most it may
 " amuse him, when his heart is dis-
 " engaged, and he is willing to make
 " comparisons. In a word, a woman
 " of gallantry is by no means of my
 " taste."——You are in the right,
 my dear *Amisadar*, you have a ra-
 vishing way of thinking. But do
 you love any thing at present ?——
 " Nothing, madam, but yourself ;
 " and I dare not tell you so neither."
 ——Ah ! my dear, dare on : you
 may continue, replied *Fannia*, gazing
 on him stedfastly.

Amisadar understood this reply
 thoroughly well, moved forward on
 the couch, fell to playing with a rib-
 bon, which hung down on *Fannia's*
 breast, and he was not interrupted.
 His

His hand, meeting with no obstacle, slipped down lower. She continued to fire him with glances, which he did not misinterpret. For my part, says the Toy, I found he was a sensible man. He took a kiss on that neck, on which he had bestowed so many encomiums. He was desired to stop, but in such a tone as plainly shewed that she would take it ill, if he obeyed ; and accordingly he did not. He kissed her hands, return'd to her neck, passed to her mouth : nothing resisted him. Insensibly *Fannia's* leg was on *Amisadar's* thighs. He put his hand on it : it was soft, and *Amisadar* did not fail to remark it. His elogy was heard with an air of distraction. By favor of this inattention, *Amisadar's* hand advanced, and with rapidity reached her knees. The absence of mind still continued ; and *Amisadar* was preparing for the charge,

charge, when *Fannia* came to herself. She accused the little philosopher of want of respect ; but he became so absent in his turn, that he did not hear one word, or at least made no other answer to the reproaches she threw on him, but by compleating his happiness.

What a charming man he appear'd to me ! Of the multitude of those, who preceded and followed him, not one was ever so much to my taste. I cannot mention him without panting. Pray suffer me to recover breath ! I think I have spoken a pretty sufficient time, considering it is my first speech.

Alonzo did not lose one single word of *Fannia's* Toy ; and he was no less impatient than *Mangogul* to hear the remaining part of the adventure : but neither of them had time to be out of patience, when the tale-telling Toy resumed in these words.

ALL

All that I can comprehend after serious consideration, is, that in some few days *Amisadar* went to the country, that he was asked the reason of his stay in town, and that he related his adventure with my mistress. For somebody of *Amisadar*'s and her acquaintance, passing by our door, enquired either by chance or design, if madam was at home, sent in his name, and went up. ——— “ Ah ! “ madam, who could imagine you “ were in *Banza*? and how long are “ you here ? ” ——— An age, my dear, this fortnight, that I have renounced society. “ May I presume to ask, madam, upon what account ? ” ——— Alas ! because I was tired of it. Women are become such strange libertines, that there is no bearing them. One must either do as they do, or pass for a silly creature ; and sincerely, I think both extremes should

should be avoided. ——— “ Indeed,
 “ madam, you are become quite edi-
 “ fying. Pray, is it the conversa-
 “ tion of the *Bramin Brelibibi*, that
 “ has wrought your conversion ? ”

——— No, ’tis a squall of philo-
 sophy, ’tis a quint of devotion. It
 seized me suddenly ; and it is not
 poor *Amisadar*’s fault that I am not at
 present practising the highest auste-
 rity. ——— “ Then madam has seen
 “ him lately ? ” ——— Yes, once or
 twice. ——— “ And you have seen
 “ no body else.” ——— No, truly.
 He is the only thinking, reasoning,
 active being, that has entered my
 doors during the eternity of my re-
 treat. ——— “ That is singular”

——— And what singularity is there
 in it ? ——— “ Nothing but an ad-
 “ venture which he had the other
 “ day with a lady of *Banza*, alone
 “ like you, devout like you, retired
 “ from

“ from the world like you. But I
 “ must tell you the story : perhaps it
 “ will amuse you.” ——— Without
 doubt, replied *Fannia* : and imme-
 diately *Amisadar*’s friend set about re-
 lating his adventure word for word, as
 I have done, says the Toy : and when
 he was advanced as far as I am now.

———“ Well, madam, said he,
 “ what do you think ? Is not *Amisa-*
 “ *dar* a lucky man ?” ——— But,
 answered *Fannia*, *Amisadar* is a liar
 perhaps : do you imagine that there
 are women so daring as to abandon
 themselves without shame ? ———

“ But consider, madam, replied
 “ *Maruspba*, that *Amisadar* has nam-
 “ ed no body, and it is very impro-
 “ bable that he has imposed” ———

I begin to see thro’ the affair, says
Fannia : *Amisadar* has wit, and is a
 handsome man, he has, to be sure,
 infused some notions of sensual plea-
 sure

sure into this poor recluse, which have mastered her. Yes, this must be it : this sort of folks are dangerous to hear, and *Amisadar* is matchless in that way.—“ How, madam, interrupted *Marsupha*, is *Amisadar* the only man that has the art of persuading, and will you not do justice to others, who deserve, as much as he, a share in your esteem ?”

———“ Pray, whom do you mean ?”

—“ Myself, madam, who think you a charming woman, and”—I fancy you joke. Look at me then, *Marsupha*. I have neither paint nor patches. My night-cap does not become me. I make a frightful figure.

———“ You are mistaken, madam : that undress sets you off surprisingly. It gives you so winning and kind an air !———

To these gallantries *Marsupha* added others. I insensibly joined in the
con-

conversation ; and when *Marfupba*
 had finished with me, he refumed
 with my miftrefs. “ Seriously, *Ami-*
 “ *sadar* has attempted your conver-
 “ fion ; he has an admirable hand at
 “ converfions. Could you give
 “ me a fample of his morals ? I
 “ I would lay a wager they are much
 “ the fame with mine.” ——— We
 have thoroughly handled fome points
 of gallantry. We have analyfed the
 difference between an affectionate wo-
 man and a woman of gallantry. He
 is for the affectionate women——
 “ And you too without doubt ?”
 —Not at all, my dear. I took great
 pains to demonftrate to him, that we
 were all alike, and that we acted up-
 on the fame principles : but he is not
 of this opinion. He eftablifhes an
 infinity of diftinctions, which, I think,
 exift nowhere but in his imagination.
 He has formed to himfelf, I can’t tell
 what

what ideal creature, a chimera of a woman, a non-entity in a coif."——

"Madam, answered *Marsupha*, I know *Amisadar*. He is a lad of good sense; and has been very conversant with the sex. If he has told you that there were such"——Oh! whether there are such or not, interrupted *Fannia*, I could never conform to their customs."——"I believe it," said *Marsupha*: and accordingly you have chosen another sort of conduct more suitable to your birth and merit. Those silly creatures are to be abandoned to philosophers: they would never be look'd on at court."——

Here *Fannia's* Toy stopt short. One of the principal perfections of these orators was to break off their discourse *à propos*. They talk'd as if they had never done any thing else: whence some authors have inferr'd,
that

that they were pure machines. In this place the *African* author specifies all the metaphysical arguments of the *Cartesians* against the soul of brutes, which he applies with all possible sagacity to the prating of Toys. In a word, his opinion is, that Toys speak as birds sing ; that is to say, so perfectly without having been taught, that, to be sure, they are prompted by some superior intelligence.

But you ask me how he disposes of his prince. He sends him to dine with the favorite : at least 'tis there we shall find him in the following chapter.

C H A P.



C H A P. XI.

The history of Selim's travels.

*M*Angogul, whose thoughts ran solely on diversifying his pleasures, and multiplying the trials of his ring; after having interrogated the most interesting Toys of the court, had the curiosity to hear some of the city Toys. But as he had no advantageous opinion of what he should learn from them, he would willingly consult them at his ease, and save himself the trouble of going to find them out.

How to bring them to him, was what embarrassed him. " You are
 " in great pain for a trifle, says *Mirza*—
 " *na*. Sir, you have only to give a
 " ball,

“ ball, and I promise you this very
 “ night a greater number of those
 “ speech-makers than you will covet
 “ to hear.”

My heart's joy, you say right, replied *Mangogul*; and your contrivance is the better still, because we shall certainly have none but those whom we have occasion for. In a moment an order was dispatch'd to the *Kislar-Agasi*, and the master of the revels, to prepare the ball, and to distribute no more than four thousand tickets. They were probably better judges in that country than elsewhere, of the room that six thousand persons would take up.

To amuse themselves till the hour of the ball, *Selim*, *Mangogul*, and the favorite set about telling news. Does madam know, says *Selim* to the favorite, that poor *Codindo* is dead?

This

This is the first word I heard of it, but what did he die of, says the favorite? Alas, madam, answered *Selim*, he fell a victim to attraction. He filled his head with this system in his youth, and it turn'd his brain in his old days. How so, says the favorite?

He had found, continued *Selim*, by the methods of *Halley* and *Circino*, two celebrated astronomers of *Monoë-mugi*, that a certain comet, which made so much noise towards the end of *Kanaglou's* reign, was to return the day before yesterday, and fearing lest it might double its steps, and he should not have the happiness of being the first to see it; he resolved to spend the night in his observatory, and yesterday morning at nine o'clock he had still his eye clung to the telescope.

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His son apprehending the consequences of so long a sitting, went to him at eight, pull'd him by the sleeve, and called him several times : *Father, Father*. Not a word of answer. *Father, Father*, repeated the young *Codindo*. “ It is just going to appear, replied *Codindo* : it will appear ; zounds ! I shall see it.” But you do not consider, dear father, that there is a dismal fog——“ I must see it, I will see it, I tell thee.”

The young man, convinced by these answers, that the fog had got into his father's head, called out for help. The family ran to him, and sent for *Farfadi* ; and I was with him (for he is my physician) when *Codindo's* servant came. ——“ Quick, quick, Sir, make haste, old *Codindo*, my master” —— Well, what is the matter, *Champagne* ? What has befallen your master ? ——“ Sir, he

“ he is run mad.”——Thy master
 is run mad.——“ Oh! yes, Sir.
 “ He cries out that he must see beasts,
 “ that he will see beasts; that they
 “ will come. The apothecary is with
 “ him already, and they wait for
 “ you. Come quickly.”——*Ma-*
niacal, says *Farfadi*, putting on his
 gown, and hunting for his square
 cup; *Maniacal*, a terrible maniacal
 fit. Then turning to the servant, he
 ask’d: Does not thy master see butter-
 flies? Does he not pick the ends of
 his coverlid?——“ Oh! no, Sir,
 “ replied *Champagne*. The poor man
 “ is on the top of his observatory,
 “ where his wife, daughters and son
 “ have much ado to hold him. Come
 “ quickly, you will find your square-
 “ cap to-morrow.”

Codindo’s disease seemed to me to
 be of an odd kind: I took *Farfadi*
 in my coach, and we drove to the

observatory. At the bottom of the stairs we heard *Codindo* crying out in a furious tone: “I must see the comet, I will see it: withdraw ye rascals and jades.”

In all probability his family, finding that they could not prevail on him to go down to his bed-chamber, had ordered his bed up to him: for we found him lying in bed at the top of his observatory. An apothecary of the neighbourhood, and the *Bramin* of the parish had been called before we arrived. The latter was trumpeting into his ear: “Brother, dear brother, your salvation is at stake: you cannot with a safe conscience expect a comet at this hour of the day: you damn yourself.” — That is my business, said *Codindo*. “What answer will you give to *Brama*, before whom you are going to appear, replied the *Bramin*?” —

Mr.

Mr. Rector, says *Codindo*, without stirring his eye from the telescope, my answer shall be, that it is your trade to exhort me for my money, and the apothecary's there, to extol his warm water to me ; that the physician does his duty of feeling my pulse, and learning nothing from it ; and I my own, of waiting for the comet.——In vain did they teize him, they drew nothing more from him : he continued to observe with heroic courage ; and he died on the leads, his left hand on his eye of that side ; his right laid on the tube of the telescope, and his right eye applied close to the eye-glass ; between his son, who cried that he made a false calculation ; his apothecary, who proposed him a clyster ; his physician, who with a toss of his head pronounced, that there was nothing more to be done ; and his priest, who said to

H 3 him :

him: brother, make an act of contrition, and recommend yourself to *Brama*.——

That is, says *Mangogul*, what they call dying in the bed of honour. Let us leave poor *Codindo*, added the favorite, to rest in peace, and pass to some more agreeable subject. Then addressing herself to *Selim*, my lord, says she, as you are so gallant at this time of life, have so much wit, talents, and so good a mien, and lived in a court devoted to pleasures; it is no wonder if the Toys have formerly celebrated your fame. But yet I suspect that they have not told all they knew of you. I do not require this Supplement: you may have good reasons for refusing it. But after all the adventures, with which this gentry have honoured you, you ought to know womankind: and this is one of those

those things of no consequence, which you may safely own.

This compliment, madam, replied *Selim*, would have flattered my self-love at the age of twenty : but I have gained some experience, and one of my first reflections is, that the more one practises this business, the less knowledge he obtains. I, to know women ! that I have studied them much, may be allowed. Well, what do you think of them, said the favorite ? Madam, answered *Selim*, whatsoever their Toys might have published concerning them, I esteem the whole sex as most respectable.

Indeed, my friend, says the Sultan, you deserve to be a Toy ; you would have no occasion for a muzzle. *Selim*, added the Sultana, abandon the satirical strain, and speak the truth. Madam, replied the courtier, I may possibly mix some disagreeable strokes

with my narrative : do not impose the task on me, of offending a sex, which has always used me well enough, and which I revere by———What, always veneration ! I know nothing so caustic as those sweet-tongued folks, when they set on, interrupted *Mirzozza* ; and imagining that it was through regard for her that *Selim* excused himself, let not my presence restrain you, added she : we are contriving to amuse ourselves ; and I promise upon my honour to apply to myself all the obliging things you shall say of my sex, and to leave the rest to other women. Well, you have studied women much ? Pray, give us an account of the course of your studies : it must have been very brilliant, if I may judge of it by what is known of the success : and it is reasonable to presume, that this will not be contradicted by what is unknown.

known. The old courtier complied with her desire, and began thus.

The Toys, I own, have talked a good deal of me; but they have not told all. Those who were capable of completing my history, either are no more, or are not in our climate: and those who have begun it, have but lightly touched the subject. I have hitherto inviolably kept the secret which I had promised them; although I was better made to speak than they; but since they have broke silence, I think they have dispensed me from the obligation of keeping it.

Born with a fiery constitution, I loved almost as soon, as I knew what a beautiful woman was. I had governants which I detested; but in return I was much pleased with my mother's waiting-women. They were for the most part young and pretty:

an H 5 they

they conversed, dressed, and undressed before me without ceremony; they have even enticed me to take liberties with them, and my temper naturally inclining to gallantry, turned every thing to advantage. With these elements of instruction, at five or six years of age I was put under the care of men; and God knows how forward I was in improving them, when the ancient authors were put into my hands, and my tutors explained certain passages, of which possibly they themselves did not penetrate into the sense. My father's pages taught me some pretty college tricks: and the perusal of *Aloisia*, which they lent me, gave me a vehement desire of becoming perfect. I was then fourteen years of age.

I cast my eyes around, seeking among the women who frequented the house, one to whom I might make
 my

my addresses : but they all appeared equally proper to ease me of my irksome load of innocence. A commenced acquaintance, and still more the courage I felt to attack a person of my own age, and which failed me with regard to others, determined my choice in favor of one of my cousins. *Emilia* was young, and so was I : I thought her pretty, and she liked me : she was not difficult, and I was enterprising : I had a mind to learn, and she was not less curious to know. We frequently asked one another very frank and strong questions : and one day she deceived the vigilance of her governess, and we instructed each other. Ah ! how great a master is nature ! it soon set us in the high road of pleasure, and we abandoned ourselves to its impulse, without the least thought of the consequences : and this was not the way to prevent

them. *Emilia* had indispositions, which she took the less pains to hide, as she did not suspect the cause. Her mother examined her, extorted a confession of our commerce, and my father was informed of it. He made me some reprimands blended with an air of satisfaction ; and it was immediately resolved that I should travel. I set out with a governor, who was charged to watch my conduct attentively, but not to put me under any restraint : and five months after, the gazette informed me, that *Emilia* died of the small pox ; and a letter from my father, that her tenderness for me had cost her her life. The first fruit of my love serves with distinction in the Sultan's army : I have always supported him by my credit, and to this day he knows me solely as his protector.

We

We were at *Tunis*, when I received the news of his birth and his mother's death. Her fate touch'd me to the quick, and I believe I should have been inconsolable, had I not embarked in an intrigue with a sea-captain's wife, who did not afford me time to run into despair. The *Tunetina* was intrepid, and I was fool-hardy : for with the assistance of a rope-ladder, which she threw to me, I passed every night from my lodging on her terrafs, and thence into a closet, where she put the finishing hand to my instructions; *Emilia* having only made a beginning. Her husband return'd from a cruize, just at the time, that my governor, who had received his instructions, urged me to cross over into *Europe*; I embarked on board a vessel bound for *Lisbon*, but not without several times taking leave of *Elvira*, from whom I received this diamond.

The

The vessel, in which we sailed, was laden with merchandise ; but the most valuable commodity on board, to my taste, was the captain's wife. She was not quite twenty : and her husband was as jealous of her as a tyger, and not quite without cause. We all soon understood one another : *Donna Velina* perceived that I had a liking for her ; I, that I was not indifferent to her ; and her husband, that he incommoded us. The sailor resolved not to lose sight of us till we were landed at *Lisbon*. I read in the eyes of his dear wife, how much she fretted at her husband's assiduity : mine testified the same things to her, and the husband understood us wonderfully well. We spent two whole days in an inconceivable thirst of pleasure ; which would certainly have kill'd us, had not heaven assisted us : but it always assists souls in pain.

Just

Just upon our passing the Streights of *Gibraltar*, a furious tempest arose. I would not fail, madam, to raise the winds about your ears, and make thunder rattle over your head ; to set the heavens on fire with lightning, raise the billows up to the clouds, and describe the most horrid tempest which you have ever met with in any romance ; were I not giving you a history. I shall only tell you, that the captain was compelled by the sailors cries to quit his room, and expose himself to one danger for fear of another. He went up on deck together with my governor, and I threw myself without hesitation into the arms of my fair *Portuguese* ; quite forgetting that there was any such thing in nature as a sea, storms, or tempests ; that we were on board a tottering vessel ; and abandoning myself without reserve to the perfidious element.

element. Our course was rapid, and you may well judge, madam, by the weather at that time, that I saw a great deal of land in a few hours. We put in at *Cadiz*, where I left a promise with the Signora to meet her at *Lisbon*, if my *Mentor* agreed to it, whose design was to go directly to *Madrid*.

The *Spanish* women are more closely confined, and more amorous than ours. Love is managed in that country by a sort of ambassadres, who have orders to catechize strangers, to make proposals to them, to conduct them forward and backward ; and the ladies undertake the task of making them happy. I was not obliged to go through this ceremony, thanks to the conjuncture. A great revolution had lately placed a prince of the blood royal of *France* on the throne of this kingdom : his arrival and coronation

nation occasioned festivals at the court, where I then appeared. I was accosted at a masquerade ; and a meeting was proposed me for the next day : I accepted the challenge, and went into a little house, where I found only one man mask'd, his nose wrapp'd in his cloak, who delivered me a letter, in which *Donna Oropeza* put off the party to the next day at the same hour. I returned, and was introduced into an apartment sumptuously furnish'd, and well illuminated with wax tapers. My goddess did not make me wait long. She enter'd just at my heels, and rush'd into my arms without speaking a word, or taking off her mask. Was she ugly ? Was she handsome ? was what I knew not, I only perceived on the couch, to which she drew me, that she was young, well-made, and loved pleasure. When she found herself satisfied with my

pa-

panegyrics, she unmask'd, and shewed me the original of this picture, which you see in my snuff-box.

Selim open'd, and at the same time presented the favorite with a gold box, of exquisite work, and richly adorn'd with jewels. The present is gallant, says *Mangogul*: what I esteem most in it, added the favorite, is the portrait. What eyes! what a mouth! what a neck! But is not all this heightened? So little, madam, replied *Selim*, that *Oropeza* would probably have fixed me at *Madrid*, if her husband, informed of our commerce, had not disturbed it by his threats. I loved *Oropeza*, but I loved life better still. Besides, my governor was not of opinion, that I should expose myself to be poniarded by the husband, for the sake of enjoying his

his wife some few months more. Wherefore I wrote to the fair *Spanish Donna* a very moving farewell letter, which I stole out of some romance of that country, and set out for *France*.

The monarch, who then reigned in *France*, was the king of *Spain's* grandfather, and his court was justly esteemed the most magnificent, most polite, and most gallant in *Europe*. I appeared there as a phenomenon. "A young lord of *Congo*, says a beautiful marquise. That must be surely very diverting: those men are better than ours. I think *Congo* is not far from *Morocco*." Suppers were given, to which I was invited. Let my discourse have ever so little sense in it, it was found fine, admirable: people retracted, who had at first done me the honour to suspect that I had not common sense. "He is a charming man, says another court lady

“ lady briskly : it would be murder to
 “ suffer so pretty a figure to return into
 “ a wretched country, where the wo-
 “ men are narrowly watched by men
 “ who are no longer so. Is it true,
 “ sir ? ’Tis said, that they have no-
 “ thing. That is very unseemly in a
 “ man.” — But, adds another,
 we must keep this great boy here,
 (for he is well born) tho’ he were on-
 ly made a knight of *Malta*. I engage,
 if you will, to procure him an em-
 ployment ; and the dutchess *Victoria*,
 my old friend, will speak to the king
 in his favor, if it be requisite.

I soon had indubitable proofs of
 their good-will, and I put the mar-
 quise into a condition of pronouncing
 on the merit of the inhabitants of
Morocco and *Congo*. I found that the
 employment, which the dutchess and
 her friend had promised me, was dif-
 ficult to execute, and therefore gave
 it

it up. It was in this recess that I learned to form those noble passions of twenty-four hours. I circulated during six months in a vortex, where the beginning of an adventure did not wait for the end of another ; because enjoyment was the only thing intended. Or if that was slow in coming, or as soon as it was obtained, we ran upon the scent of new pleasures. What do you tell me, *Selim*, interrupted the favorite ? Decency is then unknown in those countries ? Pardon me, madam, replied the old courtier. They have scarcely any other word in their mouths. But the *French* women are no more slaves to the thing than their neighbors. What neighbors, says *Mirzoza* ? The *English* women, replied *Selim*, who are cold and scornful in appearance, but passionate, voluptuous, vindictive ;

less.

less witty and more rational than the *French* women. These love the jargon of sentiment, those prefer the expression of pleasure. But at *London* as at *Paris*, people love, separate, rejoin to separate again. From the daughter of a lord bishop (these are a sort of *Bramins* who do not keep celibacy) I passed to a baronet's wife. While he was warmly supporting the interest of the nation in the house of commons, against the attempts of the court ; his wife and I had quite different debates in his house. But the session was closed, and madam was obliged to attend her knight to his manor. I then light upon a colonel's wife, whose regiment was quartered along the sea-coast : I afterwards belong'd to the lady mayorefs. Ah, what a woman ! I should never have have seen *Congo* again, if the prudence of my governor,

vernor,

turnor, who saw me wasting away, had not redeemed me from this gally. He counterfeited letters from my family, which recalled me with all possible expedition, and we embarked for *Holland*: our design was to travel through *Germany* into *Italy*, where we expected frequent opportunities of vessels to carry us to *Africa*.

We saw *Holland* only in riding post: and did not tarry much longer in *Germany*. All the women of rank there resemble important citadels, which must be besieged in form. They are to be reduced, but the approaches require so many measures, there are so many *ifs* and *buts*, when the articles of capitulation are to be settled, that those conquests soon tired me.

I shall never forget the expression of a *German* lady of the first quality, on the subject of granting me what
 she

she had not refused to several others. Alas! cried she mournfully, what would my father the great *Alkizi* say, if he knew that I abandon myself to such a low creature as a *Congese*. He shall say nothing, madam, replied I: so much *grandeur* affrights me, and I withdraw. It was wisely done of me; for if my mediocrity had compromised with her highness, I might have repented it. *Brama*, who protects the wholesome climes, which we inhabit, inspired me without doubt in this critical moment.

The *Italian* ladies, whom we frequented afterwards, are not mounted on so high a pin. It was with them that I learned the modes of pleasure. There is indeed much caprice and whim in those refinements; but you will pardon me, ladies, if I say, that sometimes there is no pleasing you without

without them. From *Venice* and *Rome* I brought some merry receipts before my time unknown in our barbarous country. But I restore all the glory of them to the *Italian* women, who communicated them to me.

I spent about four years in *Europe*, and returned through *Egypt* into this empire, modelled as you see, and stock'd with the rare secrets of *Italy*, which I soon divulged.

Here, says the *African* author, *Selim* perceiving that the common place language, which he held to the favorite on his adventures in *Europe*, and on the characters of the women of the countries through which he passed, had plunged *Mangogul* into a deep sleep, was afraid of awaking him; and therefore drew near to the favorite, and continued in a lower voice.

Madam, said he, were I not apprehensive that I have tired you by a

narrative, which has perhaps been already too long ; I would relate you the adventure, by which I commenced my operations on my arrival at *Paris* : I cannot think how it has escaped me.

Tell it, my good friend, answered the favorite ; I will double my attention, and make amends, as much as I am able, for the Sultan's inattention, who sleeps.

At *Madrid*, continued *Selim*, we had taken recommendations for some lords of the court of *France*, and at our setting foot in *Paris* we found ourselves loaded with protestations of friendship. It was then the pleasant season of the year, and in the evenings my governor and I went to walk in the gardens of the *Palais Royal*. One day we were joined there by some *Petits Maitres*, who shewed us the most celebrated beauties, and gave us their history, true, or false,

not

not forgetting themselves on every occasion, as you may well imagine. The garden was already stock'd by a great number of women ; but there arrived a considerable reinforcement about eight o'clock. By the quantity of their jewels, the magnificence of their dress, and the crowd of their attendants, I took them for dutchesses at least. I spoke my thoughts to one of the young lords of the company, whose answer was, that he found I was a connoisseur ; and if I was inclined, I should have the pleasure of supping that very night with some of the most lovely of them. I accepted his offer, and in an instant he slipped a word into the ears of two or three of his friends, who dispersed themselves into different parts of the walks, and in less than a quarter of an hour returned to give us an account of their negotiation. Gentlemen, said they

to us, you are expected this night to supper at the dutchess *Asteria's*. Those who were not of the party, congratulated us on our good fortune : and after some turns in the gardens, they left us, and we went into our coach, in order to reap the benefit of it.

We alight at a little door, at the foot of a very narrow pair of stairs, where we climbed up to a second floor ; and I found the appartments more spacious and better furnished than they would appear to me at present. I was presented to the mistress of the house, to whom I made one of the most profound reverences, which I accompanied with so respectful a compliment, that she was almost unhinged. Supper was served up, and I was seated next to a little charming person, who fell to acting the dutchess to admiration. Truly I
can't

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can't tell how I dared to fall in love with her : but so it was.

Then you have loved once in your life, interrupted the favorite. Oh ! yes, madam, replied *Selim*, as people love at eighteen years of age, with extreme impatience to conclude an affair just broach'd. I had not a wink of sleep all that night, and at dawn of day I set about composing a most gallant letter to my *Belle*. I sent it, received an answer, and obtained a meeting. Neither the style of the answer, nor the yielding temper of the lady, did undeceive me ; and I flew to the place of assignation, strongly perswaded that I was going to enjoy the wife or daughter of a prime minister. My goddess was waiting for me on a grand couch : I threw myself at her feet, took her hand, kissed it with uncommon eagerness, and felicitated myself on the favor

which she condescended to grant me.
 “ Is it true, said I, that you permit
 “ *Selim* to love you, and to tell you
 “ so ; and that he may, without
 “ offending you, flatter himself with
 “ the sweetest hope ?” On ending
 these words, I snatch’d a kiss from
 her neck ; and as she was recumbent,
 I was preparing to support the attack
 with vigor, when she stop’d me, and
 said : “ Hold, my friend, you are a
 “ pretty lad, you have wit at will,
 “ you talk like an angel ; but I must
 “ have four *Louis d’or’s*. What do
 “ you say, interrupted I.”——I tell
 you, replied she, there is nothing to
 be done, if you have not brought
 four *Louis* —— How, miss, said I
 quite amazed, is that your full value ?
 It was well worth my while, to be
 sure, to come from *Congo* for such a
 trifle. And in a moment I put myself
 in

in order, hurried down stairs, and left her.

I began, madam, as you see, to mistake actresses for princesses. I am quite astonished at it, replied *Mir-zozā*, surely the difference is very great. I doubt not, said *Selim*, but they were guilty of a hundred impertinences. But what then? A young man, and a stranger too, is not so nice an observer. And I had heard so many bad stories in *Congo*, on the liberties taken by the *European* women.——

Here *Mangogul* awak'd, and yawning and rubbing his eyes, said: By the L——d, he is still at *Paris*. Might one ask you, good Mr. Story-teller, when you expect to be return'd to *Banza*, and how long I am doom'd to sleep: for 'tis proper you should know, my friend, that it is not possible to broach an account of

travels without throwing me into yawnings. It is a bad habit, which I contracted in reading *Tavernier* and other travellers.

Prince, answered *Selim*, it is above an hour since I am come back to *Banza*.

I congratulate you thereupon, replied the Sultan ; and then turning to the Sultana, madam, said he, the hour appointed for the masquerade is come : we will set out, if the fatigue of the journey permits you.

Prince, answered *Mirzoza*, I am ready. *Mangogul* and *Selim* slipped on their Domino's, and the favorite took hers likewise : the Sultan handed her to the ball-room where they separated, in order to mix in the crowd. *Selim* followed them, and so did I, says the *African* author ; tho' I had a stronger inclination to take a nap than to see the dancing.



C H A P. XII.

*Twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth trial of
the ring.*

*Masquerade, and sequel of the mas-
querade.*

THE most extravagant Toys of *Banza* did not fail flocking whither pleasure called them. Some came in city-coaches, some in public vehicles, and some few on foot. I should never finish, says the *African* author, whose trainbearer I have the honour to be, if I enter'd into a detail of the tricks which *Mongogul* play'd on them. He gave more exercise to his ring that night alone, than it ever had had, since the Genius presented him with it. He turn'd it sometimes

on one, sometimes on another, and frequently on twenty together; and then it was, that the noise they made was ravishing: One cried out with a squeaking voice, *Violins, pray give us le Carillon de Dunkerque*; another in a hoarse voice, I will have the *Sautriots*; and I the *Tricotets*, said a third: and a multitude at once call'd for old country-dances, such as *la Bourée, les quatre faces, la Calotine, la Chaine, le Pistolet, la Mariée, le Pistolet, le Pistolet, le Pistolet*. All these cries were interlarded with a million of extravagances. On one side was heard: *Plague take the noodle, let him be sent to school*. On another, *Must I return then without my earnest? Here, who pays my coach? There, he has slipped away from me, but I'll hunt him till I find him. And again, till to-morrow, but twenty Louis's at least, or there's nothing to be done. And*
 every

every where in short, speeches, which expressed desires or exploits.

In the crowd, a citizen's daughter, young and pretty, singled out *Mangogul*, pursued him, and provoked him so, that he turn'd his ring on her. Then was her Toy heard to cry out :
 " Why do you fly me ? Stop, charming mask, be not insensible to the ardor of a Toy, which burns for you". The Sultan shock'd at this rash declaration, was determined to punish the forward creature. He disappeared, and fought among his guards some one who was pretty much of his make, gave him his mask and Domino, and abandoned him to the pursuits of the little female cit ; who being still deceived by appearances, continued to say a thousand ridiculous things to him, whom she took for *Mangogul*.

The sham Sultan was no fool, he was one of those who could talk by signs : he made one, which drew the *Belle* into a lonesome place, where, for above an hour, she imagined herself the favorite Sultana, and God knows what mighty projects were working in her brain. But the enchantment lasted not long. After she had surfeited the pretended Sultan with caresses, she pray'd him to unmask ; which he did, and shewed a physiognomy armed with a large pair of whiskers, which did not belong to *Mangogul*. “ Oh ! fy, cried the little wench, fie — Fell mine little Shoul, answered the *Swiss*, fat you ail ? Me tought mee done you kood fervices enof, dat you no be angry at nowing mee”. But his goddess, without answering him, slipt nimbly thro' his hands, and was lost in the crowd.

But

But even such of the Toys as did not aspire to so great honours, did not fail of lighting on pleasure : and they all took the road back to *Banza*, thoroughly satisfied with their journey.

As the company was withdrawing, *Mangogul* overheard two of his principal officers at high words. “ She “ is my mistress, says one, I have “ kept her these twelve months, and “ you are the first who has taken it “ into his head to tread on my heels. “ Why do you make me uneasy ? “ *Naffes*, my friend, apply elsewhere : “ you will find a hundred lovely wo- “ men, who will think themselves “ too happy to possess you”. I love *Amina*, replied *Naffes*. I see none but her, who takes my fancy. She has given me hopes, and you will give me leave to pursue them. “ Hopes, replied *Alibeg* !———Yes, “ hopes

hopes——“Zounds, that is not”
 ——I tell you, Sir, that it is, and
 I expect satisfaction this moment for
 the lye you give me. Down they
 went immediately into the court yard;
 their scymeters were already drawn,
 and they were on the point of ending
 their dispute in a tragical manner,
 when the Sultan stop'd them, and for-
 bid them to fight, before they had
 consulted their *Helena*.

They obey'd, and went to *Aminta's*
 house, and *Mangogul* close after
 them. “The ball has quite spent
 “me, said she: my eyes are drop-
 “ping out of my head. You are
 “very cruel folks, to come the mo-
 “ment I was ready to get into bed:
 “but both of ye look very oddly.
 “May I be informed what brings ye
 “hither?”——A trifle, replied
Alibeg. This gentleman boasts, and
 even loftily, added he, shewing his
 friend,

friend, that you give him hopes. Madam, how stands this matter?—

Amina was opening her mouth, but the Sultan turning his ring that very instant, she closed it, and her Toy answered for her——“ In my opi-

“ nion *Naffes* is mistaken: no, it is
“ not he that madam choofes. Has

“ he not a lusty footman who is a bet-

“ ter man? Oh! how foolish these men

“ are in imagining that dignities, ho-

“ nours, titles, names, words void

“ of meaning, impose on Toys.

“ Every one has his own philosophy,

“ and ours consists in distinguishing

“ personal merit, true merit, from

“ that which is but imaginary. With

“ Monsieur *de Claville's* leave, he

“ knows less of that subject than we;

“ which I will prove.

“ You are both acquainted, con-

“ tinued the Toy, with the mar-

“ chionessa *Bibicosa*. You know her

“ amours.

“ amours with *Cleandor*, as also her
 “ disgrace, and the high devotion she
 “ professes at this day. *Amina* is a
 “ good friend; she has constantly
 “ kept up her former intimacy with
 “ *Bibicosa*, and has not ceased fre-
 “ quenting her house, where all sorts
 “ of *Bramins* are met with. On a
 “ certain day one of these pressed my
 “ mistress to speak to *Bibicosa* in his
 “ favor. Pray, what would you have
 “ me ask of her, replied *Amina*?
 “ She is a drowned woman, who can
 “ do nothing for herself. To be
 “ sure, she will be much obliged to
 “ you for treating her still as a per-
 “ son of consequence. Believe me,
 “ my friend, prince *Cleandor* and
 “ *Mangagul* will never do any thing
 “ for her, and you may freeze in the
 “ anti-chambers. ——— “ But, ma-
 “ dam, replied the *Bramin*, the affair
 “ is but a trifle, which entirely de-
 “ pends

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“ pends on the marchioness : and this
“ it is. She has built a little chap-
“ pel in her house, doubtless for the
“ *Sala*, which supposes an *Iman* :
“ and 'tis this place which I ask——
“ What say you, says *Amina* ? An
“ *Iman* : you don't consider : the
“ marchioness wants only a *Marabou*,
“ whom she will call from time to
“ time, when it rains, or when she
“ chooses to have the *Sala*, before
“ she goes to bed : but an *Iman* lodged,
“ cloathed, dieted in her house, with
“ a salary, does not suit *Bibicosa*. I
“ know her affairs. The poor wo-
“ man has not six thousand *Zecbins* a
“ year, and you expect her to give
“ two thousand of it to an *Iman*.
“ Surely this is a strange fancy.——
“ By *Brama*, replied the holy man,
“ I am sorry for it : for if I had once
“ got to be her *Iman*, I should soon
“ become more necessary to her ; and
“ when



“ when one is got thus far, it r
 “ gold and pensions. Howsoev
 “ may appear to you, I am of M
 “ *motapa*, and do my duty extre
 “ ly well.—Upon second thoug
 “ answered *Amina*, with panting
 “ interruptions, your affair is not
 “ haps impossible. Pity it is,
 “ the merit you speak of is
 “ known.—One runs no ri
 “ in doing good offices to person
 “ my country, replied the Monot
 “ *tapan*, pray behold. —
 “ forthwith gave *Amina* a comp
 “ proof of such surprising me
 “ that from that moment you lo
 “ her eyes half the value she put
 “ you. Well! long live the M
 “ *motapans*”.

“ *Alibeg* and *Nasser* made long fa
 and look'd on each other without
 tering a word : but when they had
 covered from their astonishment,

A. L. N.

mutually embraced ; and casting disdainful looks on *Amina*, they ran to prostrate themselves at the Sultan's feet, and thank him for having undeceived them with regard to this woman, and preserved their lives and reciprocal friendship. They arrived just as *Mangogul*, return'd to the favorite, was relating *Amina's* history to her. It made *Mirzoza* laugh, but did not augment her esteem for the court ladies and the *Bramins*.



C H A P. XIII.

Selim at Banza.

FROM the masquerade *Mangogul* went immediately to take rest ; but the favorite finding that she had no inclination to sleep, sent for *Selim*, and pressed him to continue the history

story of his amours. *Selim* obeyed, and resumed the discourse in these terms.

Madam, galantry did not fill up all my time : I snatched some moments from pleasure, which I bestowed on serious occupations ; and the intrigues in which I was embarked, did not prevent my learning fortification, riding, fencing, music and dancing ; observing the customs and arts of the *Europeans*, and studying their politicks and military art. On my return to *Congo*, I was presented to the Emperor, grandfather to the Sultan, who granted me an honourable post in his troops ; and I soon was made one of all the parties of the prince *Erguebzed*, and consequently concerned in the adventures of pretty women. I was acquainted with some of all nations, ages, and conditions, and found very few cruel ;
whether

whether it was that my rank dazzled them, that my prattle pleased them, or my person struck them. At that time I had two qualities, with which a rapid progress is made in love-affairs ; assurance and presumption.

At first I dealt among the women of quality. I took them in the evening in the circle, or at play at the *Manimonbanda's*: I passed the night with them, and we hardly knew each other in the morning. One of the occupations of these ladies, is to procure lovers, nay, to decoy them away from their best female friends ; and the other, to get rid of them. Thro' apprehensions of ever being unprovided, while they are enjoying the sweets of one intrigue, they squint at two or three others. They possess a number of little arts to attract the man they have in view, and a thousand tricks in reserve, to dis-

disengage themselves from their present spark. This has always been, and always will be. I shall name nobody; but I knew every woman of *Erguebzed's* court, who had any reputation for youth and beauty; and all these engagements were formed, broken off, resumed, forgot in less than six months.

Disgusted with that world, I passed into its antipodes. I visited the citizen's wives, whom I found dissembling, vain of their beauty, perched on the pinnacle of honour, and almost constantly beset with savage brutal husbands, or certain splaw-footed cousins, who acted the passionate lovers with their female cousins from morning till night, and were very disagreeable to me. It was impossible to be alone with these women one moment. Those animals broke in upon

upon us perpetually, disconcerted a rendezvous; and thrust themselves into all our conversations. These obstacles notwithstanding, I brought five or six of these prattling creatures to my intended point, before I finished with any one of them. What diverted me much in their commerce, was, that they piqued themselves on delicacy of sentiments, and I must value myself on the same; and they talk'd on that subject eno' to make one die with laughing. Besides, they required assiduity of attendance; and in their dialect I was continually deficient in this point. They preached such correct love, that there was a necessity of renouncing it. But the worst of all was, that they had your name eternally in their mouths, and that sometimes one was obliged to appear in public with them, and incur all the ridicule of a city adventure.

Where-

Wherefore on a fine summer's day I bid adieu to their shops and the whole *rue St. Denis* for ever.

People had then the madness of keeping private lodges. I hired one in the eastern suburb, and there successively had some of those girls who are seen and not seen ; to whom one speaks, and says not a word ; and whom we discard, when tired of them. I frequently mustered a set of friends and opera actresses together, and gave little suppers, which prince *Erguebed* now and then honoured with his presence. Ah ! madam, I had delicious wines, exquisite cordials, and the best cook in *Congo*.

But nothing gave me so great amusement as an enterprize which I executed in a province remote from the capital, where my regiment was in quarters. I set out from *Banza* to
review

review it; and as that was my only business, I should have been quickly back, were it not for the extravagant project to which I devoted myself. At *Barutbi* there was a monastery of very beautiful nuns. I was young and beardless; and I contrived how to get admission under the disguise of a widow, who sought an asylum against the dangers of the age. I ordered womens cloaths to be made for me, then dressed myself, and went to offer myself at the grate of those recluses. I met with a very tender reception: they comforted me for the loss of my husband; the price of my board was agreed on, and in I went.

The apartment appointed me had a communication with the dormitory of the novices. They were very numerous, most of them young, and of a surprising bloom. I was extremely polite to them, and soon be-

came their bosom friend. In less than eight days I was let into all the interests of the little republic, informed of the several characters, and instructed in their secret history : I received confidences of all colours, and found that detraction and calumny are not better managed by us profane mortals. I observed their rules with severity, catch'd the wheedling air and smooth canting tone : and they whispered to each other, that the community would be happy, if I took the habit.

No sooner had I thought my reputation established in the house, but I fix'd upon a young virgin, who had just taken the first veil. She was an adorable nut brown girl : she called me her mamma, and I called her my little angel. She gave me innocent kisses, and I returned very tender ones. Youth is curious : *Zircipbile* put me daily on the subject of matrimony,

trimony, and the pleasure of husbands, and desired me to inform her : I artfully whetted her curiosity ; and from question to question I led her to the practice of the lessons which I gave her. She was not the only novice that I instructed ; and some young nuns came likewise to be edified in my cell. I managed the hours and meetings so dexterously, that no one interfered with another. In fine, madam, what shall I tell you ? The pious widow made a numerous progeny. But when the scandal, which caused many a secret sigh, broke out, and a council of discreet matrons met, and sent for the physician of the convent ; I meditated my retreat. Wherefore in the dead of the night, when the whole house was asleep, I scaled the garden-wall, and disappeared. I went to the waters of *Piombino*, whither the physician had

sent half the convent; and there, in the habit of a cavalier, I finished the work, which I had begun under that of a widow. This, madam, is a fact which the whole empire remembers, and of which you alone know the author.

The rest of my youth, added *Selim*, was spent in the like amusements, always women, and of all sorts, seldom any mystery, a number of oaths, and no sincerity. But at this rate, says the favorite, you have never been really in love? *Psha!* replied *Selim*, I thought much of love at that time: I aim'd at pleasure only, and at those women who were most likely to afford it me——

But, interrupted the favorite, is there any pleasure without loving?

What can it be, when the heart says nothing? Alas! madam, rejoined

Selim,

Selim, is it the heart that speaks at the age of eighteen or twenty ?

But in fine, what is the result of all those experiments ? What have you pronounced on women ?

That most women have no character at all, says *Selim*. That they are most powerfully influenced by three things, interest, pleasure and vanity ; that perhaps there is not one of them who is not governed by one of these passions ; and that those who join all the three together, are monsters.

As for pleasure, that I can allow them, said *Mangogul*, who had just then joined the company : though little dependance can be had on this sort of women, yet they are to be excused. When the constitution is wound up to a certain pitch, it is an unruly horse, which carries his rider over hedges and ditches ; and most

women are mounted astride on that beast. 'Tis probably for that reason, says *Selim*, that the dutchess *Menega* calls the Chevalier *Kaidar* her master of the horse.

But is it possible, says the Sultana to *Selim*, that you have not had the least adventure, in which the heart was concerned. Will your sincerity tend only to dishonour a sex which constituted your pleasures, if you were their darling. What! in so great a number of women, not one that desired, and even deserved to be beloved; that is not to be conceived.

Ah! madam, replied *Selim*, I feel, by the readiness with which I obey you, that years have not weakened the empire of a lovely woman over my heart. Yes, madam, I have loved like other folks. You desire to know all; I am going to tell all, and
you

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you will judge if I have performed a lover's part in all the forms.

Are there any travels in this part of your history, says the Sultan? No, prince, replied *Selim*. So much the better, says *Mangogul*, for I find no propensity to sleep.

For my part, rejoined the favorite, *Selim* will allow me to take a little rest.

Let him go to bed likewise, says the Sultan; and while ye both are reposing, I will interrogate *Cypria*.

But, prince, answered *Mirzoza*, your Highness does not reflect, that that Toy will lead you into a string of voyages without end.

The *African* author informs us in this place, that the Sultan, struck with *Mirzoza's* observation, took care to provide a most powerful antihypnotic. He adds, that *Mangogul's* physician,

being his intimate friend, had given him the prescription, and that he had put it in to the preface of his book : but of that preface there remains no more than the three last lines, which are as follow.

Take of - - - - -

of - - - - -

of - - - - -

of *Mariamne*, and the *Pay-*

san Par - - - - - four

pages.

of the *Egaremens du Cœur*,

one sheet.

of the *Confessions*, twenty

five lines and a half.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

*Twenty-sixth trial of the Ring.**The RAMBLING TOY.*

WHILE the favorite and *Selim* were reposing after the fatigues of the preceding day, *Mangogul* was viewing with astonishment the magnificent apartments of *Cypria*. This woman had, by means of her Toy, made a fortune equal to that of a general farmer of the revenue. After having been through a long row of chambers, each surpassing the other in richness and elegance of furniture, he came to the great salon ; where, in the midst of a numerous circle, he distinguished the mistress of the house by the enormous quantity of jewels, which disfigured her ; and

her husband, by the good-man-ship painted on his countenance. Two *Abbés*, a wit, and three academicians of *Banza*, were posted at the sides of *Cypria's* easy chair ; and towards the end of the *salon* fluttered about two *Petits-Maitres*, and a young magistrate full of airs, blowing on his ruffles, incessantly adjusting his peruke, visiting his mouth, and complimenting himself in the glass that his paint held on so well. Except these three butterflies, all the company was in profound veneration for the honorable mummy, who was seated in an indecent posture, yawned, spoke while she yawned, judged of every thing, judged ill of every thing, and was never contradicted. “ How, said *Mangogul* within himself, who had not talked alone of a long time, and was chagrined at it ; “ how came she to have it in her “ power

“ power to dishonor a man of a
 “ good family, with so wrong a turn
 “ of mind, and such a figure as she
 “ makes ?” *Cypria* would fain pass for
 fair ; tho’ her skin, tawney striped
 with red, had a good resemblance
 with a variegated Tulip. With large
 eyes, she was short-sighted ; she was
 of a squat shape, crowded features,
 with a long slender nose, a flat mouth,
 hollow cheeks, and a narrow fore-
 head ; no neck, a dry hand, and
 skinny arm. With those charms it
 was, that she enchanted her husband.
 The Sultan turn’d his ring on her, and
 instantly she began to open. The
 company were deceived, thinking
 that *Cypria* spoke from her mouth,
 and that she was going to pass judg-
 ment : whereas her Toy began in
 these words.

The history of my travels. I

was born in *Morocco*, in the
 170000000012 ; and I danced on
 stage of the opera, when *Meb*
Tripathoud, who kept me, was na
 ambassador extraordinary from
 potent emperor to the monarch
France. I followed him in this
 baffy. The charms of the *Fr*
 women soon robbed me of my lov
 and I speedily made reprisals.
 courtiers greedy of novelty, we
 needs try *Maroquine* : for thus
 nick-named my mistress. She tre
 them with great humanity ; and
 affability in six months brought he
 twenty thousand crowns in jewels
 much more in cash, and a neat
 furnished house. But the *French*
 fickle, and I soon ceased to be
 fashion. I did not mispend my t
 in galloping about the provin
 great talents require vast theatre
 suffered *Tripathoud* to return with

me ; and I devoted myself to the metropolis of another kingdom.

Un my lord tres opulent, qui voyageoit en France, m'entraîna à Londres. Oui, c'étoit la vraiment un homme. Il m'arrosait six fois par jour, et six autres fois par nuit. Son v—t lançoit des dards de feu, comme la queue d'une Comete. Jamais n'ai-je ressenti des bottes si vives et si bien appliquées. Mais il n'étoit pas possible à la prouesse humaine de continuer ce train long tems : aussi se rallentit-il peu à peu, et je recus son ame distillée par son *Penis*. Il me fit present de cinquante mil guinées. A ce noble Seigneur succederent deux armateurs nouvellement revenus de course. Comme ils étoient amis intimes, ils me chevauchèrent, comme ils avoient voyagés, en compagnie ; chacun faisant tous ses efforts pour surpasser l'autre en vigueur et en feu. Pendant
que

que l'un étoit à la rade, je remorqueois l'autre par son vent, et je le préparois à une nouvelle attaque. Par un calcul très modéré je comptai cent quatre-vingt coups de balles, que je recas en huit jours. Mais je m'ennuyai bientôt de tenir un compte si exacte : car leurs bordées ne finissoient pas. Ils me payerent douze mil guinées pour ma part des captures qu'ils avoient faites. Dès que l'hiver fut passé, ils furent contraints de mettre à la voile ; et ils auroient bien voulu m'engager en qualité d'Allège : mais j'avois déjà fait contract avec un Comte Allemand.

Duxit me Viennam in Austria patriam suam, ubi veneram voluptate, quantum maximam poteram, ingurgitatus sum, per menses tres integros ejus splendide nimis epulatus hospes. Illi, rugosi et contracti Lotharingo more colui, et eo usque longa crassaque
mentula,

mentula, ut dimidiam nondum acciperem, quamvis iterato coitu fractus rictus mihi miserè pateret. Immanem aut usui frequenti vagina tandem admittit laxè gladium; novaeque excogitavimus artes, quibus fututionum quotidianarum vinceremus fastidium. Modò me resupinum agitabat; modò ipsum, eques adhærescens inguinibus, motu quasi solutario versabam. Sæpe turgentem spumantemque admovit ori priapum, simulque appressis ad labia labiis, fellatrice me lingua perfricuit. Etsi veneri nunquam indulgebat posticæ, à tergo me tamen adorsus, cruribus altero sublato, altero depresso, inter femora subibat, voluptaria quærens per impedimenta transire. Amatoria Sanchezii præcepta calluit ad unguem, et festivas Aretini tabulas sic expressit, ut nemo melius. His a me laudibus acceptis,

multis

multis florenorum millibus mea solvit obsequia, et Romam secessi.

Quella Citta è il tempio de Venere, ed il soggiorno delle delizie. Tuttavia mi dispiaceva, que le natiche leggiadre fossero là encora più festeggiate delle più belle potte ; quello che provai il terno giorno del mio arrivo in quel paese. Una Cortigiana illustre si offerisce a farmi guadagnare mila scudi, s'io voleva passar la sera con esso lei in una vigna. Accettai l'invito ; salimmo in una carrozza, e giungemmo in un luogo da lei ben conosciuto, nel quale due cavaliere colle bragheneffe rosse si fecero incontro à noi, e ci condussero in un boschetto spesso e folto, dove cava- tosi subito le vesti, vedemmo i più furiosi cazzi che risaltero mai. Ogn'uno chiavò la sua. Il trastullo poi si prese à quadrille, dopo per farsi guattare in bocca, poscia nelle tette ; alla per-

perfine, uno de chiavatori impadronissi del mio rivale, mentre l'altro mi lavorava. L'istesso fu fatto alla conduttrice mia ; e ciò tutto dolcemente condito di bacci alla fiorentina. E quando i campioni nostri ebbero posta fine alla battaglia, facemmo la fricarella per risvegliar il gusto a quei benedetti Signori, i quali ci pagarono con generosità. In più volte simili guadagnai con loro sessanta mila scudi ; e due altre volte tanto, con coloro che mi procurava la Cortigiana. Mi ricordo di uno che visitava mi spesso, e che sborrava sempre due volte senza cavarlo ; e d'un altro il quale usciva da me pian piano, per entrare sotilmente nel mio vicino ; e per questo bastava fare sù e giù le patiche. Ecco una uzanza curiosa che si pratica in Italia.

Cypria's Toy continued her history in a strain half Congese and half Spanish.

right. In all probability it was not a sufficient master of the latter language, to employ it alone. A language is not learnt, says the *African* author, who would sooner hang himself, than miss a common observation, without talking it much: and *Cypria's* Toy had little or no time to talk at *Madrid*.

I fled from *Italy*, said the Toy, notwithstanding some secret desires that called me back, *Infumo malo del clima!* y tuve luego la resolución de ir me a una tierra donde pudiesse gozar mis fueros, sin partir los con un usurpador. I travelled into old *Castile*, where I was brought back to my simple functions: but this did not gratify my revenge. Le impuse la tarea de batter el compas en los bayles che celebrava de dia y de noche; and he performed so well, that we were reconciled. We appear'd

pear'd at the court of *Madrid* as good friends. Al entrar de la ciudad, I link'd con un Pape venerable por tus canas: happily for me: for he had compassion for my youth, and gave me a secret, the fruit of sixty years experience, para guardar me del mal de que merecieron los Franceses ser padrinos, por haver sido sus primeros pregones. With this receipt, and a relish for cleanliness, which I vainly endeavoured to introduce in *Spain*, I preserved myself from all accidents at *Madrid*, where my vanity alone was mortified. My mistress, you know, has a very little foot. Esta prenda es el incentivo mas poderoso de una imaginacion Castellana. A little foot, serves for a passport at *Madrid* to a girl, que tiene la mas dilatada fama entre las piernas. I resolved to quit a country, where I owed the greatest part of my triumphs to a fo-

foreign merit ; y me arrime
finidor muy virtuoso que passa
Indias. Under the wings of
verence I saw the land of
that country where the happy
without scandal carries gold
purse, a ponyard under his
and his mistress behind him
delightful a life is spent there
nights ! Gods, what night
de mi ! al recordarme de tanto
me méo — Algo mas —
ya ——— Pierdo il sentido —
muero ———

After spending a year at
and in *America*, I embarked
Stantinople. There I could not
the customs of a people, but
Toys are lock'd up ; and I found
ted a country, in which my
was in danger. However, I
sufficiently with the Mussulmans
perceive that they are much in

by their commerce with the *Europeans* : and I found in them the levity of the *French*, the ardor of the *English*, the strength of the *Germans*, the longanimity of the *Spaniards*, together with strong tinctures of the *Italian* refinements : in a word, a single Aga is worth a cardinal, four dukes, a lord, three grandees of *Spain*, and two *German* princes.

From *Constantinople* I came, as you know, gentlemen, to the court of the great *Erguebzed*, where I formed the most amiable of our nobility : and when at length I became good for nought, I threw myself on that odd figure there, says the Toy, singling out *Cypria's* husband by a certain familiar gesture. Gods, what a fall !

The *African* author closes this chapter with an advertisement to the ladies, who might be tempted to order a translation of those parts of the
nar-

the narrative, where *Cypria's* Toy expressed itself in foreign languages. " I should be wanting, says he, to the duty of an historian, by suppressing them ; and to the respect which I bear the sex, by preserving them in my work ; without acquainting virtuous ladies, that *Cypria's* Toy had excessively spoil'd its speech in travelling, and that its narratives are infinitely more free than any of the clandestine lectures which it ever made".



CH A P.

C H A P. XV.

CYPRISA.

Mungogul return'd to the favorite, where *Selim* was come before him. Well, prince, said *Mirzaza*, is the account of *Cypria's* travels one you any good? Neither good nor harm, answered the Sultan: I understood it not. Why so, replied the favorite? Because, says the Sultan, *er Toy* speaks like a Polyglot, all languages but mine. It is an impudent Story-teller, but would make an excellent interpreter. What! replied *Mirzaza*, did you gather nothing at all from her narrative? But one thing, madam, answered *Mungogul*, and that is, that travelling is more per-

pernicious, if possible, to the modesty of the women, than to the religion of the men; and that there is very little merit in knowing many languages. For one may be master of *Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish*, and the language of *Congo*, and yet have no more sense than a Toy. Is this your opinion, madam? and what is *Selim's*? Now let him begin his story: but above all, no more travels. They fatigue me to death. *Selim* promised the Sultan, that the scene should be confined to one place, and spoke thus.

I was about thirty years of age when I lost my father: I married to keep up my family, and I lived with my wife as becomes a husband; regards, attentions, politeness, decent behavior without much familiarity. The prince *Erguebzed* came to the throne. I had been in his good graces long before

before his reign : he continued me in them to his death, and I endeavour'd to do justice to this mark of distinction by my zeal and fidelity. The place of inspector general of his armies became vacant : I obtained it, and this post obliged me to take frequent journeys to the frontiers.

Frequent journeys, cried the *Sultan*? A single one is sufficient to make me sleep till to morrow. Think of that.

Prince, continued *Selim*, it was in one of these tours that I became acquainted with the wife of a colonel of the *Spahis*, whose name was *Ostaluk*, a man of bravery, and a good officer, but by no means an agreeable husband, jealous as a tyger, and his person was a sufficient warrant to justify that madness : for he was horribly ugly.

VOL. II.

L

He

He had lately espoused *Cydalifa*, young, lively, handsome ; one of those uncommon women, for whom, at the first interview, one feels somewhat more than politeness, from whom one parts with regret, and who return a hundred times to your thoughts, till you see them again.

Cydalifa had a just way of thinking, expressed herself with grace : her conversation was engaging, and if a person was never tired of seeing her, he was still less so of hearing her. With these qualities she had a right to make strong impressions on every heart, and I felt their effects. I esteemed her much ; from esteem I soon ran into tenderness, and all my proceedings immediately assumed the true colour of a strong passion. The ease with which I obtained my former triumphs, had somewhat spoiled me :
when

when I attacked *Cydalifa*, I imagined she would not hold out long ; and that being very much honoured by the pursuit of Mr. Inspector General, she would only make a decent defence. Judge then at the surprise I was thrown into by the answer which she made to my declaration. “ My
 “ lord, said she, altho’ I had the
 “ presumption to believe that you are
 “ touched with some charms, which
 “ I am thought to have ; yet I should
 “ be a fool to listen seriously to those
 “ same discourses with which you
 “ have deceived thousands, before
 “ you addressed them to me. With-
 “ out esteem, what is love ? A trifle,
 “ and you do not know me suffici-
 “ ently to esteem me. Whatever
 “ judgment and penetration a person
 “ may have, he cannot in two days
 “ time enter deep enough into the
 “ character of a woman, to say that



“ she deserves to be adored. Mr.
 “ Inspector General seeks an amuse-
 “ ment ; he is in the right ; and so
 “ is *Cydalifa* too, in amusing no
 “ body.”

In vain did I swear to the sincer-
 ity of my passion, that my happi-
 ness was in her hands, and that her
 indifference would poison the rest of
 my life. “ Jargon, said she, pure
 “ jargon. Either think no more of
 “ me, or do not believe me stupid
 “ enough to be catch’d by those trite
 “ protestations. What you have just
 “ said to me, every body says without
 “ thinking of it, and every body hears
 “ without believing it.”

If I had had but a bare liking to
Cydalifa, her severity would have
 mortified me : but as I loved her, it
 afflicted me. I set out for the court :
 her image followed me thither ; and
 absence, far from weakening the
 passion

passion which I had conceived for her, did but augment it.

Cydalifa had so far taken possession of me, that I thought a hundred times to make a sacrifice to her of the employments and rank which bound me to the court: but the incertainty of success always withheld me.

In the impossibility of flying to the place where I left her, I formed a project to bring her where I was. I took advantage of the confidence with which *Erguebzed* honoured me, by extolling the merit and valor of *Ostaluk*. He was named lieutenant of the Spahi's of his guard, an office which fixed him near the prince; and *Ostaluk* appeared at court, and with him *Cydalifa*, who instantly became the beauty of the day.

You did well, says the Sultan, to keep your employments, and call your *Cydalifa* to court: for I swear to

you by *Brama*, that I should have suffered you to set out alone for the province she was in.

She was ogled, surveyed, beset, but all in vain, continued *Selim*. I enjoyed the sole privilege of seeing her every day. The more I visited her, the more graces and good qualities I perceived in her, and the more desperately I became enamoured. I fancied that possibly the remembrance of my numerous adventures might injure me in her mind; in order to efface it, and convince her of the sincerity of my love, I banished myself from company, and I saw no women but those which chance threw in my way at her house. It seemed to me as if this conduct had some effect on her, and that she relaxed somewhat of her former severity. I doubled my diligence, I asked for love, and she granted me esteem. *Cydalis*a began
to

to treat me with distinction. I had some share in her confidence: she often consulted me on her family affairs, but was quite silent on those of her heart. If I expressed myself in tender sentiments, she answered me in maxims, which made me mad. This painful state had lasted a long time, when I took up the resolution to get out of it, and to know positively once for all, what I might depend on. How did you set about it, said *Mirzoza*? Madam, you will soon be informed, answered *Mangogul*: and *Selim* continued.

I have told you, madam, that I saw *Cydalisa* every day: I began by seeing her less frequently, I went on by slackening my visits more and more, till infine I scarce saw her at all. Whenever I happened to converse with her *tete à tete*, I spoke as little of love as if I had never felt the least spark of it.

This change astonished her: she suspected me of some secret engagement, and one day, as I was making her a narrative of the galantries of the court, *Selim*, said she to me with an air of confusion, you tell me nothing concerning yourself: you relate the good fortune of others charmingly; but you are very discreet with regard to your own. Madam, answered I, 'tis probably because I have none, or that I think it is proper to conceal it. To be true, interrupted she, 'tis of vast consequence to conceal those things to day, which all the world will know to morrow. Be that as it will, madam, replied I, yet at least no body shall have them from me. Indeed, said she, you are quite marvellous with your reserves; but pray who does not know that you have designs upon the fair *Misis*, the little *Zibelina*, and the nut-brown *Sephera*? And on whom

whom you please besides, madam, added I coldly. Truly, replied she, I can easily believe that these are not all : these two months past, that the sight of you is a favour, you have not been idle, and business goes on fast with those ladies. I, to remain idle, answered I ; I should never forgive myself. My heart is made to love, and somewhat to be beloved too ; and I will go so far as to own that it is : but ask me no farther questions on this head, perhaps I have already said too much.

Selim, replied she seriously, I have no secret for you, and you shall have none for me, if you please. How far are you advanced ? ——— Almost to the end of the novel ——— And with whom said she earnestly ? ——— You know *Martexa* — Yes, sure ; she is a very amiable woman. “ Well then, after having in vain tried all



“ means to please you, I turned to
 “ that side. I was wished for above
 “ half a year ; two interviews levell’d
 “ the outworks, a third will com-
 “ plet my happiness ; and this very
 “ night *Marteza* expects me to sup-
 “ per. Her conversation is amusing,
 “ light, and a little caustic ; but,
 “ that excepted, she is the best crea-
 “ ture in the world. A person trans-
 “ acts his little affairs better with
 “ those giggling women, than with
 “ those lofty dames, who ———”.

But, my Lord, interrupted *Cydalifa*
 with a down-cast look, in compli-
 menting you on your choice, may
 one observe to you, that *Marteza* is
 not new, and that before you, she has
 reckoned lovers?—— “ What is
 “ that to me, madam, replied I? If
 “ *Marteza* loves me sincerely, I look
 “ on myself as her first. But the
 “ hour of my appointment draws near,

“ per-

“ permit me——”. One word more, my Lord. Is it really true that *Marteza* loves you?—— “ I believe “ it”.—— And you love her, added *Cydalisfa*?—— “ Madam, answered I, “ ’tis you that have thrown me into “ the arms of *Marteza*: I need say “ no more to you——”. I was departing, but *Cydalisfa* pull’d me by my Doliman, and turn’d back in a hurry.—— “ Does madam want to speak “ with me? Has she any commands “ for me——”? No, Sir, how, are you there still? I thought you were a good way off by this time.—— “ Madam, I will double my pace”. *Selim*—— “ *Cydalisfa*——”. Then you are going? —— “ Yes, madam——”. Ah! *Selim*, to whom do you sacrifice me? Was not *Cydalisfa*’s esteem of greater value than the favors of a *Marteza*?—— Without doubt, “ madam, “ replied I, if I had nothing more
 L 6 “ than

" than esteem for you. But I loved
 " you——". It is not so, cried she
 with transport : if you had loved me,
 you would have distinguished my real
 sentiments ; you would have been pre-
 possessed with them, you would have
 flattered yourself, that your persever-
 ance would in time get the better of
 my pride : but you grew tired, you
 have abandoned me, and perhaps in
 the very moment—— At this word
Cydalisa stooped short, a sigh slipped from
 her, and her eyes were wet.—" Speak,
 " madam, said I, make an end. If my
 " tenderness lasted still, notwithstand-
 " ing your rigorous treatment, could
 " you".—I can do nothing, you do no
 longer love me, and *Marteza* waits for
 you——. " If *Marteza* was indif-
 " ferent to me ; if *Cydalisa* was dearer
 " to me than ever, what would
 " you do" ?—It would be folly to ex-
 plain myself on suppositions.——

" *Cydalisa*,

“ *Cydalifa*, I beseech you to answer
 “ me, as if I had supposed nothing.
 “ If *Cydalifa* was constantly the most
 “ lovely of her sex in my eyes; and
 “ if I never had the least design on
 “ *Marteza*; once again what would
 “ you do?”—— What I have always
 done, ingrateful man, answered at
 length *Cydalifa*: I would love you.—
 “ And *Selim* adores you, said I, fall-
 “ ing on my knees, and kissing her
 “ hands which I water’d with my
 “ tears”. *Cydalifa* was struck dumb,
 this unexpected change threw her into
 the utmost confusion: I took advan-
 tage of her disorder, and our recon-
 ciliation was sealed by certain marks
 of tenderness, which she had not power
 to refuse.

And what did the good natured
Ostaluk say to this, interrupted *Man-
 gogul*? Doubtless he allowed his
 dear half to be generous to a man, to
 whom



whom he was indebted for his lieutenancy of the Spahi's.

Prince, replied *Selim*, *Ostalik* shewed great gratitude, whilst I was not listened to ; but no sooner was I made happy, but he became troublesome, ill-humour'd, insupportable to me, and brutal to his wife. Not content with disturbing us in person, he caused us to be watched ; we were betrayed, and *Ostalik*, convinced of his pretended dishonour, had the impudence to chalenge me to a duel. We fought in the great park of the Seralio: I gave him two wounds, and obliged him to own himself indebted to me for his life.

While he was under cure of his wounds, I never quitted his wife : but the first use that he made of his recovery, was to part us and ill-use *Cydalifa*. She sent me a pathetic account of her unhappy situation : I proposed

posed carrying her off, to which she consented, and our jealous pate, returning from the chase, wherein he attended the Sultan, was vastly surprized to find himself a widower. *Ostaluk*, instead of giving vent to his passion in useless complaints against the author of the rape, instantly meditated revenge.

I had *Cydalisa* in a country house, two leagues from *Banza*; and every other night I stole out of town, and went to *Cisara*. Mean while *Ostaluk* set a price on the head of his false one, bribed my servants, and was let into my park. That evening I was enjoying the refreshing breeze there with *Cydalisa*; we were got to the remoter end of a dark walk, and I was on the point of lavishing the most tender caresses on her, when an invisible hand pierced her breast with a poniard before my eyes. It was the hand
of

of cruel *Oshalik*. The same fate hung over my head: but I prevented *Oshalik*, I drew my dagger, and *Cydalisfa* was revenged. I ran to the dear woman: her heart still panted: I hastened to carry her to the house, but before I reached it she expired, her mouth closely pressing on mine.

When I perceived *Cydalisfa*'s limbs to grow stiff in my arms, I cried out with vehemence: my people ran to me, and forced me away from this place of horror. I returned to *Banza*, and shut myself up in my palace, excessively grieved at *Cydalisfa*'s death, and loading myself with the most cruel reproaches. I loved *Cydalisfa* sincerely, and was passionately beloved by her; and I was at full leisure to consider the greatness of the loss, which I had sustained, and to mourn for her.

But

But at length, said the favorite, you comforted your self? Alas! madam, replied *Selim*, I thought I never should; but this one thing I have learnt by it, that there is no grief eternal.

Well, said *Mirzoza*, let me hear no more of the men: there they are all. That is to say, Signor *Selim*, that this poor *Cydalis*, whose history has moved us to compassion, and whom you have so much regretted, was a great fool to rely on your oaths; and that, while *Brama* perhaps chastises her severely for her credulity, you pass your time pleasantly enough in the arms of another.

Pray, madam, replied the Sultan, calm your self: *Selim* loves again, *Cydalis* will be revenged. Sir, answered *Selim*, your highness may possibly be misinformed. Ought I not to have learnt, once for my whole life,
by

by my adventure with *Cydalifa*, that true love was too prejudicial to happiness? — Without doubt, interrupted *Mirzoza*, and yet I would lay a wager, notwithstanding your philosophical reflections, that you actually love another more ardently than —

More ardently, replied *Selim*, I dare not assert: these five years past I am attached, but attached from my heart to a charming woman. It was not without difficulty, that I made her listen to me, for she had always been of a virtue! — Virtue! cried the Sultan; courage, my friend, I am charmed, when one talks to me of the virtue of a court lady. *Selim*, said the favorite, continue your story: and always believe, as a good mussulman, in the fidelity of your mistress, added the Sultan. Ah! prince, replied *Selim* with vivacity, *Fulvia* is faithful to me: faithful, or not, answered

Man-

Mangogul, what is that to your happiness. You believe it, and that is sufficient? Oh then! 'tis *Fulvia* that you are now in love with, said the favorite. Yes, madam, answered *Selim*. So much the worse, my friend; added *Mangogul*: I have not a grain of faith in her. She is perpetually beset by *Bramins*, and these *Bramins* are terrible fellows: besides, I find she has little *Cbinese* eyes, with a turn'd up nose; and an air thoroughly inclining to the side of pleasure. Between us, is this true? Prince, answered *Selim*, I believe she has no aversion to it. Well, replied the Sultan, every thing gives way to that charm: which you ought to know better than I, or you are not — You are mistaken, replied the favorite, a man may have all the sense in the world, and not know that. I wager — Always wagers, interrupted *Mangogul*:

I am out of all patience ; those women are incorrigible. Pray, madam, win your castle, and lay wagers afterward.

Madam, says *Selim* to the favorite, might not *Fulvia* be of use to you in some station or other ? As how ? ask'd *Mirzoza*. I have observed, answered the courtier, that the Toys have seldom or never spoke, but in presence of his highness ; and I have fancied, that the Genius *Cucufa*, who has done so many surprising things in favour of *Kanoglu* the Sultan's grand-father, might have endowed his grand son with the gift of making them speak. But *Fulvia's* Toy has not as yet opened its mouth, as far as I could ever learn : might it not be possible to interrogate it, in order to procure you the castle, and to convince me of the fidelity of my mistress ? Doubtless, replied the Sultan ; what

what is your opinion, madam? Oh! I shall not meddle in so ticklish an affair. *Selim* is too much my friend, to expose him, for the sake of a castle, to the risque of being made unhappy the rest of his days. But you do not consider, replied the Sultan: *Fulvia* is virtuous: *Selim* would run his hand into the fire to prove it. He has said it, and he is not a man to flinch from his word. No, Prince, answered *Selim*, and if your highness will give me a meeting at *Fulvia's* house, I will certainly be there before you. Be cautious of what you propose, replied the favorite. *Selim*, my poor *Selim*, you go very fast, and how worthy soever you are of being beloved—Fear not, madam; since the dye is cast, I will hear *Fulvia*: the worst that can befall me, is to lose a faithless woman. And to die of regret, added the Sultana, for having
lost

lost her. What a romance, says *Mangogul*. You believe then that *Selim* is become very weak. He has lost the lovely *Cydalifa*, and yet there he is full of life; and you pretend, that if he happened to find *Fulvia* unfaithful to him, it would kill him. I'll insure him to you as immortal, if he is never demolished but by that stroke. *Selim*, to morrow at *Fulvia's*, do you hear? you will have notice of the hour. *Selim* bow'd, *Mangogul* quitted the company: the favorite continued to remonstrate to the old courtier, that he play'd a high game. *Selim* thank'd her for her tokens of good will, and each retired in expectation of the great event.

CHAP.



C H A P. XVI.

Twenty seventh Trial of the Ring.

F U L V I A.

THE *African* author, who had promised to bring *Selim's* character into some part of his book, has thought fit to place it here: and I have too much esteem for the works of antiquity, to assert that it would come in better some where else. There are, says he, some men, whose merit gives them access every where, who by their graceful person, and free easy wit, are in their youth the darlings of many women; and whose gray hairs are respected, because having known how to reconcile their duties with their pleasures, they have rendered

rendered their middle stage of life illustrious, by services done for the state: In a word; men, who at all times are the delight of society. Such was *Selim*. Though he had reached sixty years, and that he had entered the list of pleasure early; a strong constitution and some management had preserved him from the infirmities of age. A noble air, an easy carriage, insinuating language, a great knowledge of the world, founded on long experience, the habit of dealing with the sex, made him to be regarded at court, as a man whom every body would wish to resemble, but who would be unsuccessfully copied, for want of being endowed by nature with the talents and genius which had distinguished him.

Now I desire to know, continues the *African* author, if this man had reason to make himself uneasy on the
score

score of a mistress, and to spend the night like a mad man ? For the fact is, that a thousand reflections rolled in his head ; and the more he loved *Fulvia*, the more he feared to find her unfaithful. “ Into what labyrinth
 “ have I thrust my self, said he to
 “ himself ? And to what purpose ?
 “ What advantage will accrue to
 “ me, in case the favorite should
 “ win a castle ; and what will be
 “ my fate, if she loses it ? But why
 “ should she lose it ? Am I not cer-
 “ tain of *Fulvia*’s love ? Ah ! I am
 “ in the sole and entire possession of
 “ her ; and if her Toy speak, it will
 “ be of me alone.—But if the treache-
 “ rous—no, no, I should have had
 “ some previous notion of it ; I should
 “ have observed some unevenness in
 “ her temper. Some time or other,
 “ these five years past, she would
 “ have betrayed herself.—Yet the

“ trial is dangerous.—— But it is
 “ now no longer time to recoil, I
 “ have lifted the vessel to my mouth,
 “ I must finish, tho’ I were to spill
 “ the liquor.—— Perhaps also
 “ the oracle will be in my favour. —
 “ Alas ! what can I expect from it ?
 “ Why must others have failed in
 “ their attacks on that virtue, over
 “ which I have triumphed ?—— Ah !
 “ dear *Fulvia*, I wrong thee by
 “ my suspicions, and I forget what
 “ it cost me to conquer thee. A ray
 “ of hope enlightens me, and I flat-
 “ ter myself that thy Toy will obsti-
 “ nately keep silence”.——

Selim was in this agitation of mind,
 when he received a card from the Sul-
 tan, which contained these words :
*This night, precisely at half an hour
 after eleven, you will be where you know.*
Selim took his pen, and answered with
 a trembling hand : *Prince, I will obey.*

Selim

Selim passed the rest of the day, as he had done the preceding night, fluctuating between hope and fear. Nothing is truer, than that lovers have an instinct: if their mistress be unfaithful, they are seized with an horror much like to that, which animals feel at the approach of bad weather. The suspicious lover is a cat, whose ear itches in cloudy weather. Animals and lovers have this property also in common, that domestic animals lose this instinct, and that it grows dull in lovers, when they are converted into husbands.

The hours seemed very tedious to *Selim*, he look'd a hundred times on his watch: infine the fatal moment came, and the courtier went to visit his mistress. It was late, but as he had admission at all hours, *Fulvia's* apartment was opened for him.—

“ I had given you over, said she, and

M 2 “ I

“ I went to bed with a swimming in
 “ my head, which I owe to the im-
 “ patience you have thrown me in-
 “ to”—— Madam, answered *Selim*,
 business and respect have detained me
 with the Sultan; and since I parted
 from you, I have not been master of
 myself one moment. “ And for my
 “ part, replied *Fulvia*, I have been
 “ in a dreadful humour. How! two
 “ whole days without seeing you”.—
 You know, answered *Selim*, what my
 rank obliges me to: and let the fa-
 vour of the great appear ever so fix-
 ed—— “ How, interrupted *Fulvia*,
 “ has the Sultan shewn you any cold-
 “ ness? Has he forgot your services?
 “ *Selim*, you are pensive, you do not
 “ answer me.—— Alas! if you love
 “ me, of what avail is the prince’s
 “ good or bad reception to your hap-
 “ piness. It is not in his eyes, it is in
 “ mine, ’tis in my arms that you are
 “ to seek it”

Selim

Selim listened attentively to this discourse, examined the countenance of his mistress, and in its motions sought that character of truth, in which a person is not deceived, and which it is impossible to counterfeit well: when I say impossible, I mean to us men: for *Fulvia* was so perfectly composed, that *Selim* began to blame himself for having suspected her, when *Mangogul* entered the room. *Fulvia* was silent in an instant, *Selim* trembled; and the Toy said: “ In vain does my lady
 “ make pilgrimages to all the *Pago-*
 “ *da’s* of *Congo*, she will have no
 “ children; for reasons well known
 “ to me, who am her Toy”. —

At this declaration a deadly paleness seized *Selim*: he attempted to rise, but his trembling knees failed him, and he fell back into his seat. The invisible Sultan step’d up to him, and whispered in his ear: “ Have you
 M 3 “ enough?

“ enough? Alas! Prince, replied the
 “ melancholic *Selim*, why did I not
 “ follow the advice of *Mirzoza*, and
 “ the misgivings of my own heart?
 “ My happiness is eclipsed, I am a
 “ lost man: I die, if her Toy does
 “ not speak; if it does, I am a dead
 “ man: let it speak out however. I
 “ expect frightful intelligences; but I
 “ fear them less than I hate the state
 “ of perplexity, in which I am”.——

In the mean time *Fulvia*'s first motion was to put her hand on her Toy, and to shut its mouth: what it had hitherto said, might bear a favorable interpretation: but she dreaded the sequel. As she began to take courage on account of its remaining silent, the Sultan, urged by *Selim*, turned his ring: *Fulvia* was obliged to spread her fingers, and the Toy went on.

“ I will never hold, I am too much
 “ harassed. The too assiduous visits
 “ of

“ of so many holy men will always
 “ obstruct my intentions, and ma-
 “ dam will not have any children,
 “ If I had been regaled by none but
 “ *Selim*, I might possibly prove fruit-
 “ ful : but I lead the life of a gally-
 “ slave. This day fatigued by one,
 “ to morrow by another ; and always
 “ at the oar. The last man which
 “ *Fulvia* sees, is always the person,
 “ whom she believes destined by
 “ heaven to perpetuate her race.
 “ None can be safe from this fancy.
 “ O how tiresome is the condition of
 “ the Toy of a titled lady, who has
 “ no heirs ! These ten years past,
 “ I am exposed to people, who were
 “ not made even to lift their eyes up
 “ to me.”

Here *Mangogul* was of opinion that
Selim had heard enough, to cure him
 of his perplexity : wherefore he ex-
 empted him from the remaining part,

turned off his ring, and went away, abandoning *Fulvia* to the reproaches of her lover.

At first the miserable *Selim* was petrified: but his fury giving him strength and speech, he darted a scornful look on his unfaithful mistress, and said: “Ingrateful, perfidious woman, if I loved you still, I would take revenge: but as you are unworthy of my affection, so you are like-wise of my wrath. A man like me, *Selim* to be mixed with a pack of scoundrels”.——

Truly, interrupted *Fulvia* smartly, in the strain of an unmasked courtesan, it much becomes you to give yourself airs for a trifle: instead of thanking me for concealing matters from you, which would have made you mad at the time of their transacting; you take fire, you fly into a rage, as if you had been injured. And pray,
Sir,

Sir, what reason can you have for preferring yourself to *Rickel*, to *Seton*, to *Mollio*, to *Tachmas*, to the most amiable cavaliers of the court, from whom their mistresses won't be at the pains even of cloaking the slips they make. Consider, *Selim*, that you are exhausted, infirm, and long incapable of engrossing a pretty woman, who is not a fool. Acknowledge then, that your presumption is ill-timed, and your rage impertinent; In fine you may, if you are dissatisfied, leave the field open to others, who will make better use of it. "So I do, and most heartily," replied *Selim* with excessive indignation: and went away, fully resolved never more to see that woman.

He went home, and shut himself up for some days, less grieved for his loss, than for his long error. Not his heart, but his vanity suffered.

M

M 5

He

He dreaded the reproches of the favorite, and the jokes of the Sultan ; and he shun'd the one and the other.

He was upon the point of resolving to renounce the court, to go into retirement, and turn philosopher for the remaining part of a life, of which he had thrown away a great part in quality of a courtier ; when *Mirzoza*, who guess'd his thoughts, undertook to comfort him, sent for him to the Seraglio, and made him this speech.

“ Well, my poor *Selim*, then you
 “ abandon me? ’Tis not *Fulvia*,
 “ it is me that you punish for her
 “ infidelity. We are all concerned
 “ for your adventure, we agree that
 “ it is vexatious : but if you set any
 “ value on the Sultan’s protection
 “ and my esteem, you will continue
 “ to enliven our company, and you
 “ will forget that *Fulvia*, who never
 “ was worthy of a man like you”.

Madam,

Madam, answered *Selim*, age admonishes me that it is high time for me to retire. I have sufficiently seen the world; and four days ago I would have boasted that I knew it. But *Fulvia's* stroke confounds me. Women are indefinable, and I should hate them all, if you had not been included in the sex, of which you have all the charms. May *Brama* grant, that you never imbibe their perverseness. Farewell, madam, I am going to give myself up to useful reflections in solitude. The remembrance of the favours, with which you and the Sultan have honoured me, will follow me thither; and if my heart forms any vows henceforth, they will be for your happiness and his glory.

Selim, replied the favorite, your chagrine is your adviser. You are afraid of mockery, which you will less avoid by withdrawing from court,

than by remaining at it. Have as much philosophy as you will, this is not the time to put it in practice; your retreat will be attributed to peevishness and melancholy. You are not framed to confine yourself in a desert; and the Sultan ———

Mangogul's arrival interrupted the favorite: she informed him of *Selim's* design. "Then he is turn'd fool," says the prince; is it possible that the base usage of that little *Fulvia* has turn'd his head. And then addressing himself to *Selim*——
 "That shall not be, my friend, you shall stay, continues he: I want your counsel, and madam your company. The welfare of my empire, and *Mirzoza's* satisfaction require it, and it shall be".

Selim, moved with the sentiments of *Mangogul* and the favorite, bowed respectfully, staid at court, was loved,

loved, cherished, sought for, and distinguished by his favour with the Sultan and *Mirzoza*.



C H A P. XVII.

Prodigious events of the Reign of Kanaglou, Mangogul's Grand-father.

THE favorite was very young. Born towards the end of *Erguebzed's* reign, she had scarce any idea at all of the court of *Kanaglou*. A word accidentally dropt had given her a curiosity to know the prodigies, which the genius *Cucafa* had wrought in favour of that good prince; and none could more faithfully inform her than *Selim*. He had been an eye witness and even a sharer in them, and was thoroughly versed in the history of his time. One day that he
was

was alone with her, *Mirzoza* put him on that topic, and asked him if the reign of *Kanaglou*, which made so great noise, had seen greater wonders, than those, which then engrossed the attention of *Congo*?

“ I have no interest, madam, answered *Selim*, in preferring times
 “ past to those of the reigning prince.
 “ Great things are come to pass under him, but they are perhaps no
 “ more than specimens of those which
 “ will continue to render *Mangogul*
 “ illustrious; and my time is too
 “ far advanced, to flatter my self
 “ with seeing them.” You are mistaken, replied *Mirzoza*; you have acquired, and will keep the epithet of eternal. But tell me what you have seen.

Madam, continued *Selim*, *Kanaglou's* reign was long, and our poets have named it the golden age. This
 title

title suits it upon several accounts. It has been signalized by successes and victories: but the advantages were blended with crosses, which prove that this gold was sometimes mixed with bad alloy. The court, which sets the example to the rest of the empire, was very gallant. The Sultan had mistresses, the nobility piqued themselves on imitating him, and the lower people insensibly assumed the same air. The magnificence in dress, furniture, and equipages, was excessive. Delicacy in feasting was reduced to an art. People gam'd high, ran in debt, paid no body, and spent while they had either money or credit. There were very good laws enacted against luxury, but not put in execution. Towns were taken, provinces conquered, palaces begun, and the empire drained of men and money. The people sung victory,
and

and were starving at the same time. The great had stately castles and delightful gardens, and their lands lay uncultivated. A hundred ships of war had rendered us masters of the sea, and the terror of our neighbours : but a good calculator made an exact estimate what it cost the government to keep these hulks in good order ; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of the rest of the ministry, they were ordered to be turned into a bon-fire. The royal treasury was a great empty coffer, which this wretched oeconomy did not fill ; gold and silver became so scarce, that the mints were, on a summer's morning, converted into paper-mills. To compleat our happiness, *Kanaglou* suffered himself to be persuaded by a set of fanatics, that it was of the utmost importance, that all his subjects should resemble him, and that

that they should have blue eyes, snub noses, and red whiskers, as well as he : and he expelled from *Congo* above two millions of people, who were not blessed with these regimentals, or who refused to counterfeit them. Such, madam, was this golden age ; such those good old times, which you daily hear regretted : but let those dotards prate on, and do you believe that we have our *Turennes* and our *Colberts*, that, all things considered, the present is better than the time past ; and that if the people are happier under *Mangogul* than they were under *Kanaglou*, his highness's reign is more illustrious than that of his grandfather, because the happiness of the subject is the exact measure of the greatness of the prince. But let us return to the particulars of *Kanaglou's* reign.

I will

I will begin by the origin of the *Pantins*. *Selim*, I will excuse you, I know that story by heart, says the favorite, proceed to other matters. Madam, answered *Selim*, might one ask from whom you have it? Why, says *Mirzoza*, it is published. True Madam, replied *Selim*, and by people, who knew nothing of the matter. I am out of humour, when I see little obscure private persons, who have never been near princes, but at a public entry into the metropolis, or some such other ceremony, pretend to write their history.

Madam, continued *Selim*, we had spent the night at a masquerade in the great salons in the Seraglio, when the genius *Cucufa*, a vowed protector of the reigning family, appeared to us, and commanded us to go to bed, and sleep twenty four hours on a stretch. He was obeyed, and at the expiration of this

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this term, the Seraglio was found to be transformed into a vast and magnificent galery of Pantins. At one end appeared *Kanaglou* seated on his throne : a long pack-thread, almost worn out, hung down between his legs : an old decrepit fairy was incessantly pulling it, and with a turn of her wrist, moved an innumerable multitude of subaltern Pantins, to whom fine interceptible threads answered, which issued from *Kanaglou's* fingers and toes. She pulled, and in an instant the seneschal drew up, and sealed ruinous edicts ; or pronounced a panegyric on the fairy, which was prompted by his secretary : the minister of war sent card matches to the army ; the superintendant of the finances built houses, and suffered the soldiery to starve ; and so of the other Pantins.

When

When any of the Pantins happened to execute their movements awkwardly, by not lifting up their arms sufficiently, or not bowing their knee in a proper manner, the fairy cut their threads with a jerk of her left hand, and they became paralytic. I shall never forget two most valiant emirs, whom she found deficient in their duty, and who were ever after deprived of the use of their arms.

The threads which issued from every part of *Kanaglou's* body, were extended to immense distances, and from the palace of *Congo*, put whole armies of Pantins into motion or winter quarters, even to the remotest parts of *Monoémugi*. With one pull of the pack-thread, a town was besieged, the trenches were opened, they battered in breach, and the enemy was preparing to capitulate ; but upon a second pull, the besiegers fire slackened,

ed, the attacks were not carried on with the same vigour; troops came to the relief of the place, dissensions were kindled among the generals: we were attacked, surprized, beaten, and routed.

These bad tidings never gave any concern to *Kanaglou*: he seldom heard them, till they were forgot by his subjects: and the fairy would not suffer him to be informed of them, but by Pantins, who had each a thread fastned to the tip of their tongue; and who said no more than what she thought proper, on pain of being struck dumb.

Another time we young fools were all charmed with an adventure, which gave bitter scandal to the godly. The women all at once became tumblers, and fell to walking with their heads down, their legs up in air, and their hands in their slippers.

This

This threw all our former knowledge into confusion ; and we were obliged to commence a course of studies on these new physiognomies. Many were slighted, who ceased to be thought lovely, as soon as they shewed themselves ; and others, who were never so much as talked of, gained vastly by making themselves known. Their petticoats and gowns falling over their eyes, put them in danger, either of losing their way, or stumbling ; wherefore the former were shortened, and the latter cut open before. Such is the origin of short petticoats and open gowns. When the women returned to the use of their feet, they retained this part of their dress as it was : and if we thoroughly consider the petticoats of our fine ladies, we shall easily perceive, that they were not made to be worn, as they are worn at this day.

Any mode, that has but one drift, will soon pass away: in order to make it lasting, it ought to answer two ends at least. In those same days a secret was discovered for plumping the breasts downward: and it is used at this day for plumping them upward.

The devout women, surprized to find their heads down, and their heels up in the air, at first covered themselves with their hands: but this attention made them lose their poise, and stumble in their walks. By the advice of the *Bramins*, they afterwards tied their petticoats about their legs with little black ribbons. The gay part of the sex found this expedient ridiculous, and publicly declared, that it incommoded their respiration, and threw them into the vapours. This prodigy was attended with happy consequences; it occasioned a
num-

number of marriages, or somewhat like them, and a crowd of conversions. All those, who had disagreeable buttocks, ran headlong into the religious party, and took little black ribbons. Four missions of *Brahmins* would not have made so many proselytes.

c We had scarcely got rid of this trial, when we underwent another, less universal indeed, but not less instructive. The young girls, one and all, from thirteen to eighteen, nineteen, twenty years of age, and upwards, rose on a fine summer's morning, the middle finger caught, guess where, madam, says *Selim* to the favorite? It was not in their mouth, nor in their ear, nor infine, *à la Turque*. Their disease was easily guess'd, and the remedy quickly applied. From that time may our custom be dated of
mar-



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marrying children, who are fit for nothing but dressing their dolls.

Another blessing : *Kanaglou's* court swarmed with *Petits-maitres*, and I had the honour to be of the number. One day as I was entertaining them with the young *French* nobility, I perceived our shoulders working upwards, till they became higher than our heads : but that was not all ; in an instant we all fell to whirling about on one heel. And what rarity was there in that, said the favorite ? Nothing, madam, replied *Selim*, but that the first metamorphosis is the origin of the round shoulders, so much in vogue in your infancy ; and the second, that of the scoffers, whose reign is not yet over. Then, as now, a discourse was begun to some one person, which by a sudden twirl on the heel, was continued to a second, and finished to a third, to whom it

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be-

became half unintelligible, half impertinent.

Another time we all found ourselves short sighted, and were forced to have recourse to *Bion*: the rogue made us pay ten sequins for glasses, which we continued to use, even after recovering our sight. Thence come, madam, the opera spy glasses.

I could never learn what the fine ladies did to the Genius *Cucufa* about this time; but he took severe vengeance of them. At the end of a certain year, whereof they had spent the nights in balls, banquets, and gaming, and the days in dressing, or between the arms of their lovers, they were all astonished to find themselves horridly ugly. One was as black as a mole, another bronzed over; a third pale and lean, a fourth of a sickly yellow, and full of wrinkles. There was a necessity to palliate this fatal
en-

enchantment, and our chemists found out the white, the red, pomatums, waters, venus's handkerchiefs, virgins milk, patches, and a thousand other cosmetics, which they employed, to avoid appearing ugly, and becoming frightful. *Cucufa* still held them under this curse, when *Erguebed*, who loved beautiful women, became their intercessor. The Genius did all that he could ; but the charm was so powerful, that he was not able to dissolve it thoroughly ; and the court ladies remained such as you see them at this day.

Was the fate of the other charms the same, says *Mirzoza*? No, madam, answered *Selim*, they lasted some longer, some shorter: the round shoulders sunk by degrees, and people stood upright : and for fear of being thought hump-back'd, they turned up their noses to the wind, and

danced as they walked. The whirl-gig motion continued, and they whirl about to this day. Broach a serious or sensible conversation in presence of a young lord of the *bel air*; and *Zeste*, you shall see him wheel away from you in an instant, and go mutter out a parody to some body, who asks him the news of the war, or of his health; or to whisper in his ear, that he supped last night with Miss *Rabon*, and that she is an adorable girl; that there is a new romance coming abroad; that he has read some pages of it, and that it is fine, very fine: and then another twirl or two towards a lady, whom he asks if she has seen the new opera, and answers her, that Miss *Dangeville* has performed to a miracle.

Mirzoza found these ridicules very diverting, and asked *Selim* if he had been a sharer in them. “How,
ma-

“ madam, replied the old courtier,
 “ was it possible not to have them,
 “ without passing for a man come
 “ from the other world ? I put on
 “ the round shoulders, I stood erect,
 “ I danced in walking, I cock’d
 “ the spy-glass, I whirled about, I
 “ hissed like the rest : and the ut-
 “ most efforts of my judgment went
 “ no farther than to be one of the first
 “ in taking up these several biases,
 “ and none of the last in shaking
 “ them off.” *Selim* was got thus far,
 when *Mangogul* appeared. The *Afri-*
can author does not inform us, what
 was become of him, or what were
 his occupations during this preced-
 ing chapter. Probably the princes
 of *Congo* may be allowed to perform
 indifferent actions, to say miserable
 things sometimes, and to resemble
 the rest of mankind, who spend a

great part of their lives in doing nothing, or such things at least, as are not worthy of being known.



C H A P. XVIII.

Twenty eighth Trial of the Ring.

OLYMPIA.

REjoice, madam, says *Mangogul*, coming in to the favorite's apartment. I bring you an agreeable piece of news. The Toys are a parcel of little fools, who know not what they say. *Cacufa's* ring can indeed make them speak, but not extort the truth from them. And how has your highness caught them in a lye, says the favorite? You shall hear, answered the Sultan. *Selim* promised you an account of all his adventures,
and

and you make no doubt but that he has kept his word. Well then, I am just come from consulting a Toy, who accuses him of a naughty trick, which he has not confessed to you, and which most certainly he has not play'd, as it is quite contrary to his character. To tyrannize over a pretty woman, to lay her under contribution, on pain of military execution: can you discover *Selim* in this proceeding? Pray, why not, Sir, replied the favorite? There is no malice of this sort, of which *Selim* has not been capable: and if he has concealed the adventure which you have discovered, possibly it is, that he is reconciled to this Toy, that they are well together, and that he thought he might keep that peccadillo from me, without swerving from his promise.

The perpetual falsity of your conjectures, replied *Mangogul*, ought to cure you of the disease of ever making any. There is nothing of what you imagin in the affair : it is one of the first flights of *Selim's* youthful days. It regards one of those women, who are gained in a minute, but are never kept long.

Madam, says *Selim* to the favorite, in vain do I examine my self, I can recal nothing more to my memory ; and at present I find my conscience quite clear.

Olympia, says *Mangogul* — Ah! Prince, interrupted *Selim*, I know the thing ; but this little story is so old, that it is no wonder that it has escaped me.

Olympia, continued *Mangogul*, wife of the chief cashier of *Hafna*, had coiffed herself with a young officer, captain in *Selim's* regiment. Her
lover

lover came to her one morning in deep concern, to inform her that orders were issued for all the officers to set out and join their respective corps. My grandfather *Kanaglou* had resolved that year to open the campaign early : and an admirable project, which he had formed, miscarried, purely through the making these orders too publick. The politicians murmured, the women exclaimed, each party had their reasons. I have told you those of *Olympia*. This woman took the party of seeing *Selim*, and, if possible, to prevent the departure of *Gabalis* : for that was her lover's name. *Selim* already passed for a dangerous man. *Olympia* thought it was proper to have an escort : and two of her female friends, as handsome as her self, offered to accompany her. *Selim* was at home when they came.

He received *Olympia*, who appeared alone, with that easy politeness, which you know he is master of, and asked what had procured him this agreeable visit? Sir, says *Olympia*, I interest my self for *Gabal*: he has some important affairs on his hands, which make his presence necessary at *Banza*; and I come to you to beg six months leave of absence for him.

Six months leave, Madam? You do not consider, replied *Selim*: the Sultan's orders are precise: I am heartily concerned, that I cannot make a merit towards you of a favour, which would infallibly ruin me. New instances on *Olympia*'s side: on *Selim*'s new refusals—The Grand Vizir has promised me, that I should be comprehended in the next promotion. Can you desire me, madam, to drown my self, in order
to

to oblige you? No, Sir, you may oblige me, without drowning your self—Madam, it is impossible: but if you go to the Visir—Alas! Sir, to whom do you send me, that man never did any thing for the ladies—I rack my brain to no purpose: for I should be highly rejoiced in being able to render you service, and I can see but one way. And which is that, asked *Olympia* with eagerness? — Your intention, answered *Selim*, would be to make *Gabalís* happy for six months: but, madam, could you not dispose of one quarter of an hour of those pleasures which you design for him? *Olympia* understood him wonderfully well, blushed, stammered, and concluded by exclaiming at the severity of the condition. Let us say no more of the affair, replied the colonel with a cold air, *Gabalís* shall join his regiment: the prince's

service must be done. I might venture to take somewhat on my self: but you are inflexible. At least, madam, if *Gabalís* departs, it is you that send him away. I, cry'd *Olympia* sharply: Ah! Sir, make out his warrant quickly, and let him remain here. The essential preliminaries of the treaty were ratified on a sofa, and the lady thought she had made sure of *Gabalís*; when the traitor, who stands before you, took it into his head to ask her, who those two ladies were, who came with her, and whom she left in the next apartment. They are two of my intimate friends, replied *Olympia*; and of *Gabalís* too, added *Selim*, beyond all doubt. This supposed, I do not believe they will refuse to execute each a third part of the articles of the treaty. Yes, this to me seems just: and to you, madam, I com-
mit

mit the care of disposing them to it. Indeed, Sir, says *Olympia*, you are a strange man. I protest, these ladies have no pretensions to *Gabalès*: but in order to extricate them and my self from this *embarras*, if you think me responsible, I will endeavour to discharge the bill of exchange, which you draw on them. *Selim* accepted the offer. *Olympia* did honour to her word: and there, madam, is what *Selim* ought to have informed you of.

I excuse him, says the favorite: *Olympia* was not so good an acquaintance, that I should condemn him for having forgot her. I cannot imagin whither you go to hunt out that sort of women: indeed, prince, your conduct is that of a man, who has no desire to lose a castle.

Madam, to me it seems, as if you had entirely changed your notions within

within these few days, answered *Mangogul*: do me the favour to recollect the first trial of my ring, which I proposed to you; and you will see, it was not my fault that I have not lost it ere now.

Yes, replied the Sultana, I know, you have sworn to me, that I should be excepted out of the number of speaking Toys; and that since that time you have applied to such women only as have forfeited their character; to an *Aminia*, a *Zobeida*, a *Tbelis*, a *Zulica*, whose reputations were already pretty well settled.

I grant, says *Mangogul*, that it would be ridiculous indeed to rely on those Toys: but for want of others, I was necessitated to confine myself to them. I have already told you, and I now repeat it: good company with respect to Toys is scarcer than you think;

think ; and if you will not resolve to gain yourself ———

I, interrupted *Mirzoza* smartly, I shall never have a castle while I live, if I must use those means for obtaining one. A speaking Toy ! Fy ! That is so indecent.—— Prince, in one word, you know my reasons, and with great seriousness I now reiterate my menaces.

But, either do not complain of my trials, or at least hint at some persons, to whom you think we may have recourse : for I am quite uneasy that the affair is not terminated. Libertin Toys, and what next ? Libertin Toys, and always Libertin Toys.

I have great confidence, says *Mirzoza*, in *Egle's* Toy ; and I wait with impatience for the end of the fortnight which you demanded of me.

Madam, replied *Mangogul*, that term expired yesterday ; and while

Selim

Selim was telling you stories of the old court, I learnt from *Egle's* Toy, that, thanks to the ill humor of *Celebi*, and the constant attendance of *Almanzor*, it's mistress can do you no service.

Ah! Prince, cry'd the favourite, what have you said? 'Tis fact, replied the Sultan; I will regale you with that story some other time: but in the mean while seek another string to your bow.

Egle, the virtuous *Egle*, has at length given herself the lye, says the favorite in a surprize; indeed I cannot recover myself. I see you are quite unhinged, replies *Mangogul*, and know not whither to turn yourself.

Not so, says the favorite; but I own to you that I depended much on *Egle*. Pray think no more about it, added *Mangogul*; only tell us if she was the only virtuous woman that you know.

No,

No, Prince, there are a hundred others, and amiable women too, whom I will name to you, replied *Mirzoza*. I will answer, as much as for myself, for——for——

Mirzoza stop'd short, without having pronounced any one name. *Selim* could not refrain from smiling, and the Sultan from bursting out into laughter, at the favorite's embarrassment, who knew so many virtuous women, and could not recollect any one.

Mirzoza, piqued at this, turned to *Selim*, and said : pray, *Selim*, help me out, you, who are so great a connoisseur. Prince, continued she directing her discourse to the Sultan, apply to—— whom shall I name ? prithee, *Selim*, assist me. To *Mirzoza*, says *Selim*. You make your court to me very ill, replied the favorite. I am not afraid of the trial, but I abhor it. Name some one else quickly,

quickly, if you would have me pardon you.

One may try, say *Selim*, if *Zaide* has found the reality of the ideal lover, which she formed to herself, and to whom she was formerly wont to compare all those who made love to her.

Zaide, replies *Mangogul*? I must own that she is a very proper subject to make me lose. She is, added the favorite, perhaps the only woman, whose reputation has been spared by the prude *Arfinoe* and the coxcomb *Janeki*.

This is strong, says *Mangogul*: but the trial of my ring is a better argument. Let us go directly to her Toy.

That Oracle is surer much than Calchas.

How, adds the favorite smiling: you retain your *Racine*, like a player.

C H A P.



C H A P. XIX.

Twenty-ninth Trial of the Ring.

ZULEIMAN *and* ZAIDE.

*M*Angogul, without answering the favorite's joke, departed instantly, and went to *Zaide's* house. He found her retired in a closet, at a small table, on which he observed some letters, a portrait, and some trifles scatter'd here and there, which came from a cherished lover, as it was easy to presume, by the fondness she expressed for them. She was writing; tears ran down her cheeks, and wetted the paper. Every now and then she kiss'd the portrait with transport, opened

opened the letters, wrote some words, returned to the portrait, snatched up the above mentioned trifles, and pressed them to her breast.

The Sultan's astonishment was incredible ; he had never seen any tender woman, but the favorite and *Zaide*. He thought himself beloved by *Mirzoza* : but did not *Zaide* love *Zuleiman* better still? And were not this pair the only true lovers of *Congo*.

The tears, which *Zaide* shed in writing, were not tears of sorrow. 'Twas love that made them flow. And in that moment, a delicious sentiment, which arose from a certainty of possessing the heart of *Zuleiman*, was the only one that affected her. “ Dear
 “ *Zuleiman*, cry'd she, how I love
 “ thee ! how dear thou art to me !
 “ How agreeably thou employest
 “ me ! In those instants, when
 “ *Zaide* has not the happiness
 of

“ of seeing thee, she writes to thee
“ how much she is thine : separated
“ from *Zuleiman*, his love is the only
“ conversation which gives her plea-
“ sure”.

Zaide was thus far advanced in her amorous meditation, when *Mangogul* pointed his ring at her. Immediately he heard her Toy send forth a sigh and repeat the first words of her mistress's monology. “ Dear *Zulei-*
“ *man*, how I love thee ! how dear
“ thou art to me ! how agreeably
“ thou employest me ” ! *Zaide's* heart and Toy were too well agreed, to vary in their discourse. *Zaide* was surprized at first ; but she was so sure that her Toy would say nothing, but what *Zuleiman* might hear with pleasure, that she wish'd him present.

Mangogul repeated his trial, and *Zaide's* Toy repeated with a soft tender voice : “ *Zuleiman*, dear *Zuleiman*,

how

“ how I love thee ! how dear thou
 “ art to me ” ! *Zuleiman*, says the
 Sultan, is the happiest mortal of my
 empire. Let us abandon this place,
 where the image of a happiness greater
 than mine is presented to my sight,
 and afflicts me. Accordingly he with-
 drew, and went to his favorite with an
 air of inquietude and pensiveness.
 “ Prince, says she, what ails you, you
 “ say nothing to me of *Zaide* ” ?——
Zaide is an adorable woman, madam,
 replied *Mangogul*. She loves beyond
 any thing that ever loved——“ So much
 “ the worse for her, says *Mirzoza* ”.
 What do you say, replied the Sul-
 tan ?——“ I say, answers the fa-
 “ vorite, that *Kermades* is one of the
 “ most disagreeable persons of *Congo* ;
 “ that interest and the authority of
 “ the parents made that match ; and
 “ that there never was a couple worse
 “ sorted than *Kermades* and *Zai de* ” .—
 But

But, madam, replies *Mangogul*, it is not her husband that she loves——
 “ Who then, says *Mirzoza*”?——
 ’Tis *Zuleiman*, replies *Mangogul*——
 “ Adieu then to the *Porcelains* and
 “ the little *Sapajou*, added the Sul-
 “ tana——”. Ah! says *Mangogul* whispering to himself, this *Zaide* has struck me: she pursues me, she occupies my thoughts; I must absolutely see her again. *Mirzoza* interrupted him by some questions, which he answered in monosyllables. He refused a game of piquet which she proposed, complain’d of a head-ach which he counterfeited, retired to his apartment, went to bed without supping, which he had never done before, and had no sleep. The charms and tenderness of *Zaide*, the qualities and happiness of *Zuleiman* tormented him the whole night.

One

One may easily imagine, that he had no business so much in his head this day, as to return to *Zaide*. He walk'd out of his palace, even without enquiring after *Mirzoza*, the first time that ever he fail'd in this point. He found *Zaide* in the same closet as the preceding day, and *Zuleiman* with her ; who held his mistress's hands between his own, and had his eyes fixed on her. *Zaide* on her knees, and inclining forward, darted glances animated with the most ardent passion on *Zuleiman*. They continued some time in this attitude : but both in the same instant yielding to the violence of their desires, they rush'd into each others arms, and embraced with eagerness. The profound silence, which had hitherto reigned about them, was disturbed by their sighs, the sound of their mutual kisses, and some inarticulated words, which slip'd from them

them—— You love me!——
 I adore you—— Will you love me
 constantly?—— Alas! the last sigh
 of my life shall be for *Zaide*!——

Mangogul overwhelm'd with sorrow, threw himself into an easy chair, and covered his eyes with his hand. He dreaded seeing things, which are easily imagined, and yet did not happen. After a silence of some moments, Ah! dear and tender lover, says *Zaide*, why have I not always found you such as you are at present? I should not love you the less, nor should I have any reproach to throw on myself.—— But you weep, dear *Zuleiman*.—— Come, dear and tender lover, come, and let me wipe off your tears. *Zuleiman*, you cast down your eyes, what ails you? Pray look on me.—— Come, dear friend, come, that I may comfort thee: cling thy lips on my mouth; breathe thy

soul into me, receive mine; suspend—— Ah! no——no—— *Zaide* finished her discourse with a deep sigh, and was silent.

The *African* author informs us, that this scene touched *Mangogul* most sensibly, that he built some hopes on the impotence of *Zuleiman*, and that some secret proposals were made on his behalf to *Zaide*, who rejected them, and never made any merit of it with her lover.

C H A P. XX.

Platonic Love.

“ **B**UT is this *Zaide* an unique?
 “ *Mirzoza* is no ways inferior
 “ to her in charms, and I have a thou-
 “ sand proofs of her affection. I de-
 “ sire to be loved, I am, and who
 “ has

“ has told me that *Zuleiman* is more
 “ so than I? I was a fool to envy
 “ another’s happiness. No, there is
 “ no man under the heavens happier
 “ than *Mangogul*”. Thus began the
 remonstrances, which the Sultan
 made to himself. The author has
 suppressed the rest, and contents him-
 self with apprizing us, that the prince
 paid more regard to them, than to
 those which his ministers presented
 him with, and that *Zaide* never after
 returned on his mind.

One of those evenings, that he was
 entirely satisfied with his mistress or
 with himself, he proposed sending for
Selim, to walk in the groves of the
 Seraglio. These were verdant closets,
 where many things may be said and
 done without witnesses. In their
 way thither, *Mangogul* turn’d the con-
 versation on the reasons people have
 for loving. *Mirzoza*, mounted on

grand principles, and fill'd with idea's of virtue, which certainly did not suit with her rank, person, or age, maintain'd that people very frequently loved for the sake of loving; and that connections begun by a likeness of characters, supported by esteem, and cemented by mutual confidence, were very lasting and constant; without any pretensions to favors on the man's side, or on the woman's any temptation to grant them.

Thus it is, Madam, replied the Sultan, that you have been spoil'd by romances. In them you have seen hero's respectful, and princesses virtuous even to folly; without reflecting that those Beings never existed but in the brains of authors. If you ask *Selim*, who thoroughly well knows the catechism of *Cythera*, what is love? I would lay a wager that he would

answer

answer you, that love is nothing else but——

Would you lay a wager, interrupted the Sultana, that delicacy of sentiments is but a chimæra, and that without hopes of enjoyment, there would not be a grain of love in the world? If so, you must certainly entertain a very bad opinion of the human heart.

So I do, replied *Mangogul*, our virtues are not more disinterested than our vices. The brave pursues glory by exposing himself to dangers; the coward loves tranquility and life; and the lover desires enjoyment.

Selim declaring himself of the Sultan's party, added, that if two things happened, love would be banished from society, never more to make its appearance again.

And which are those two things, says the favorite? They are, replied *Mangogul*, if you and I, madam, and

all the race of mankind, chanced to lose what *Tanzai* and *Neadarne* found in a dream.

What! You believe, interrupted *Mirzoza*, that without those pitiful things, there would be neither esteem nor confidence between two persons of different sexes? A woman adorn'd with talents, wit and beauty, would not touch? A man blest'd with an amiable person, a fine genius, and excellent character, would not be heeded?

No, madam, replies *Mangogul*, for pray tell me what he would say?

A number of pretty things, which I think would always afford much pleasure to hear, answers the favorite.

Observe, madam, says *Selim*, that those things are said every day without love. No, no, madam, I have complete proofs, that without a well organised body. there is no love, *Agenor*, the handsomest young man
of

of *Congo*, and the most refined wit of the court, would, if I had been a woman, in vain shew me his genteel leg, turn his large blue eyes on me, squander on me the most artful praises, and set himself off with every other advantage of which he is master ; I would say but one word, and if he did not give an express answer to this word, I might have all possible esteem for him, but I should not love him.

That is positive, added the Sultan, and you yourself will allow the justness and utility of this mysterious word, when one loves. You ought indeed, for your instruction, to cause the conversation of a wit of *Banza* with a school-master to be related to you. You would comprehend in an instant, how the wit, who sustained your thesis, confessed in the end that he was in the wrong, and that his antagonist reasoned like a Toy. But

Selim, of whom I had it, will you tell the story.

The favorite imagined, that a story, which *Mangogul* would not relate to her, must be very mortifying: and therefore she went into one of the arbors, without asking it of *Selim*, and happy it was for him; for with all his wit, he would have ill satisfied the favorite's curiosity, or much alarm'd her modesty. But in order to amuse her; and make her forget the story of the school-master, he related the following.

Madam, says the courtier, in a vast country near the sources of the *Nile*, lived a young man, beautiful as *Adonis*. Before he was eighteen years of age, all the maidens contended for his heart; and there were few women, who would not accept of him for their lover. Born with an amorous heart, he loved as soon as he was in a condition to love.

On

On a certain day, while he was in the temple assisting at the public worship of the great *Pagoda*; and was, according to the usual ceremony, preparing to make the seventeen genuflexions prescribed by the law; the beauty, with which he was captivated, chanced to pass by, and darted a glance on him accompany'd with a smile, which threw him into such distraction, that he lost his poize, fell on his nose, scandalized the congregation by his fall, forgot the number of genuflexions, and performed but sixteen.

The great *Pagoda* irritated at the offence and scandal, punished him cruelly. *Hilas*, for that was his name, the poor *Hilas* felt himself instantly inflamed with the most violent desires, and, smack-smooth as the palm of his hand, deprived of the means of gratifying them. Equally surprized

and grieved at so great a loss, he consulted the *Pagoda*. Thou shalt never be restored to thy pristine state, answered she sneezing, but between the arms of a woman, who shall not love thee the less for knowing thy misfortune.

Prefumption is generally the companion of youth and beauty. *Hilas* fancied that his wit and the comeliness of his person would soon gain him a heart of nice sentiments ; who content with what he had remaining, would love him for himself, and soon restore to him what he had lost. He first addressed himself to the lady, who had been the innocent cause of his misfortune. She was young, brisk, voluptuous and a coquet. *Hilas* adored her, and obtained a meeting ; where by a train of allurements he was drawn into the road leading to a place which it was impossible for him to reach. In vain did

did he torment himself, and in the arms of his mistress seek the accomplishment of the oracle : nothing appeared. When the lady was tired of waiting, she set herself to rights in a moment, and quitted him. The worst of the affair was, that the foolish girl told it in confidence to one of her female friends, who, out of her great discretion, related it but to three or four of hers, who did the same to as many others : so that *Hilas*, two days before the darling of all the sex, was despised, pointed at, and looked on as a monster.

The wretched *Hilas*, cried down in his native country, resolved to travel, and seek a remedy for his disease in remote climes. He set out alone, and arrived *incognito* at the court of the *Abyssinian* emperor. The young stranger was singled out by the ladies, and the contest was, who should have

him : but *Hilas* prudently avoided all engagements, in which he had apprehensions of not finding his account, proportionable to his certainty that the women who pursued him would not find theirs in him. But observe and admire the penetration of the sex : a man so young, so comely, and so modest, said they, is quite a prodigy : and the union of these qualities in him had almost made them suspect his real defect ; so as, for fear of allowing him what an accomplished man should have, to refuse him the very thing which he wanted.

After having for some time studied the chart of the country, *Hilas* linked an acquaintance with a young woman, who, by some unknown caprice, had passed from refined gallantry to the highest devotion. He gradually insinuated himself into her confidence, espoused her notions, copied her

her practices, handed her in and out of the temples, and conversed with her so frequently on the vanity of worldly pleasures, that he insensibly revived her taste, as well as remembrance of them. They had now, for above a month, frequented the mosques, assisted at sermons, and visited the sick together, when he prepared himself for a thorough cure; but all in vain. His devote friend, tho' intimately acquainted with all the transactions of heaven, knew as well as others, how a man should be made on earth: and the poor lad lost in a moment all the fruits of his good works. If any thing consoled him, it was, that his secret was inviolably kept. One word would have rendered his disease incurable; but this word was not uttered, and *Hilas* linked in with some other pious women, whom he took, one after another,

ther, for the specific ordained by the oracle, and who did not break his enchantment, because they loved him only for what he had not. The habit, they had acquired of spiritualizing all objects, was of no service to him. They required sense, but it was of that sort which springs from pleasure. *Hilar* complained that they did not love him. But their answer was, pray, sir, are you ignorant, that people should know each other, before they love; nay, you must acknowledge, that, disgraced as you are, you are not lovely even when you are known.

Alas! said he retiring, this pure love, so much talked of, is no where to be found; this delicacy of sentiments, upon which both sexes value themselves, is a mere chimæra. The oracle has deceived me, and my dis-
ease is for life.

In

In his way, he met some of those women, who allow no other commerce with man, but that of the heart, and who hate a forward spark like a toad. They so seriously recommended to him to let nothing gross and terrestrial enter into his views, that he conceived great hopes of his cure. He complied heartily, and was quite astonished, after the amorous conversations, which they held with him, that he still remained as he was. "I must certainly be cured," said he to himself, but perhaps otherwise than by words:" and he sought an occasion of placing himself according to the intentions of the oracle. Thus it soon offered. A young female platonic, who was excessively fond of walking, led him into a lonesome wood; and when they had penetrated far from the reach of any impertinent eye, the fair one

was

was seized with a fainting fit. *Hilas* threw himself on her, and neglected nothing in his power to relieve her; but all his endeavours were fruitless: of which she soon became as sensible as himself. Ah! Sir, cried she, disengaging herself from his arms, what sort of man are you? I shall be very cautious of ever venturing thus into lonesome places, where I have been taken so ill, and may dye a hundred times for want of help.

Others knew his condition, pitied him, protested to him, that the tenderness they had conceived for him, should not change; and never saw him more.

The miserable *Hilas*, with his graceful figure, and the most refined sentiments, gave great dissatisfaction to many ladies; *Levent* was sensible of this.

Then he was a fool, interrupted the Sultan. Why did he not address

dress some of the vestals, of which our monasteries are full? They would be charmed with him, and he would infallibly receive his cure through a grate.

Prince, replied *Selim*, chronicles assure us, that he tried that method, and found by experience, that the sex of all conditions do not care to love to their certain loss. If that be the case, said the Sultan, I take his distemper to be incurable. So did he himself as well as your highness, continued *Selim*; and tired out with unsuccessful trials, he plunged himself into solitude, on the word of an infinite number of women, who had expressly declared to him, that he was useless in society.

He had already been several days rambling in a desert, when he heard some sighs issuing from a lonely place. He listened, the sighs began again, he

he drew near, and saw a young maiden, fair as the morn, her head leaning on her hand, her eyes bathed in tears, and the rest of her body in a pensive and mournful posture.

“What seek you here, madam, said he to her? And are these deserts made for you?” Yes, replied she in a melancholy strain: I can at least afflict myself here quite at my ease.

“And what is the cause of your affliction?” — Alas! — “Speak, madam, what is the cause?” —

Nothing — “How, nothing?” —

No, nothing at all, I say, is the cause of my grief: two years ago I had the misfortune to offend a Pagoda, who deprived me of my all: and it was so small a matter, that in so doing, she gave no great proof of her power. Since that time, all the men shun me, and will shun me, said the Pagoda, until I meet with one, who

who knowing my misfortune, will cleave to me, and love me in the state, in which I am.

What do I hear, cried *Hilas*! This wretch, whom you behold at your feet, has nothing, and that is his distemper likewise. Some time since he had the misfortune to offend a Pagoda, who deprived him of all that he had, and without vanity it was somewhat. From that time all the women shun him, and will shun him, said the Pagoda, until he meets with one, who, knowing his misfortune, will cleave to him, and love him in the state, in which he is.

Is this possible, says the young maiden? — Is what you have told me true, says *Hilas*? — See, answered the maiden. See, answered *Hilas*.

They

They both convinced each other beyond all doubt, that they were two objects of the celestial wrath. Their common misfortune united them. *Ipbis*, this was the young maiden's name, was made for *Hilas*, *Hilas* was made for her. They loved each other in a platonic manner, as you may easily imagine; for they could not well love otherwise: but in an instant the enchantment was broken, they uttered cries of joy on the event, and platonic love vanished.

During several months, that they continued together in the desert, they had full time to be persuaded of their change. When they quitted it, *Ipbis* was perfectly cured; but as to *Hilas*, the author says that he was threatened with a relapse.



C H A P. XXI.

Thirtieth and last trial of the Ring.

M I R Z O Z A.

WHile *Mangogul* was entertaining himself with the favorite and *Selim*, news was brought him of the death of *Sulamek*. *Sulamek's* rise began by being appointed the Sultan's dancing-master, and that even contrary to the intentions of *Erguebzed*: but some intriguing ladies, whom he had taught certain dangerous steps, pushed him with all their might, and so bestirred themselves, that he was preferred to *Marcel* and others, whose deputy he was not worthy of being. He possessed
the

the spirit of trifling, the court jargon, the gift of telling diverting stories, and of amusing children; but he knew nothing of the high dance. When the post of Grand Vizir became vacant, by dint of cringing, he supplanted the great Seneschal, who was an indefatigable dancer, but stiff-necked, and bowed with a bad grace. His ministry was not signalized by any events glorious to the nation. His enemies, (and who is there without them? true merit has many) accused him of playing ill on the violin, and of having no knowledge of choregraphy; of having suffered himself to be duped by the Pantomimes of *Prestor John*, and to be affrighted by a bear from *Monvemuigi*, who danced one day before him; of having given millions to the emperor of *Tombur* to keep him from dancing, at a time when he had the gout, and spent year-

yearly five hundred thousand Zecchins in rein, and more in persecuting all the fiddlers, who played any other minuits but his own : in a word, of having kept fifteen years of a stretch, at the sound of a cymbal of a clumsy native of *Guinea*, who accompanied his instrument with some *Conga* songs. True it is, that he had introduced the fashion of *Dutch lime trees*, &c.

Mangogul had an excellent heart : he regretted *Sulamek*, and ordered him a magnificent burial, with a funeral oration, which the orator *Berrouboubou* was ordered to make.

On the day appointed for the ceremony, the chief *Bramins*, the whole *Diwan* in a body, and the *Sultanas* led by their eunuchs, went to the great mosque. *Berrouboubou* proved for two hours together, with surprizing rapidity, that *Sulamek* had
risen

risen to his high station by superior talents, made prefaces on prefaces, did not forget either *Mangogul* or his exploits during the administration of *Sulamek*; and he had almost spent himself in exclamations, when *Mirzoza*, to whom a lye gave the vapors, fell into a fit of the lethargy.

Her officers and women ran to her assistance; she was put into her palanquine, and instantly carried to the Seraglio. *Mangogul*, being informed of the danger she was in, ran to her; and the whole Pharmacopœia was rummaged. The *Garus*, general *la Motte's* drops, the *English* drops, were all tried, but to no purpose. The distressed Sultan, one moment weeping over *Mirzoza*, the next swearing at *Orcotomus*, at length was deprived of all hopes, except some glimmerings which might remain in his ring. “ If I have lost you, de-
“ light

“ light of my soul, cried he, your
 “ Toy, as well as your mouth, must
 “ keep eternal silence”.

In an instant he commanded every
 body to withdraw: he was obeyed,
 and being alone with the favorite, he
 turned his ring on her. But *Mirzoza's*
 Toy, which was tired at the sermon,
 as it happens to others every day,
 and besides had probably a touch of the
 lethargy, at first only mutter'd some
 confused and ill articulated words. The
 Sultan repeated the experiment, and
 the Toy then very distinctly said:
 “ Separated from you, *Mangogul*,
 “ what would become of me? —
 “ Faithful even to the grave, I would
 “ have sought you; and if love and
 “ constancy have any recompence
 “ among the dead, dear prince, I
 “ would have found you—Alas! with-
 “ out you the delightful palace where
 “ *Brama* dwells, and which he has

“ promised to his true believers, would
 “ prove a disagreeable residence to
 “ me.”

Mangogul transported with joy, did not perceive that the favorite was recovering from her lethargy; and that, if he did not turn off his ring, she would hear the last words of her Toy: which happened accordingly. Ah! prince, said she, what is become of your oaths? You have then cleared up your unjust suspicions? Nothing has withheld you, neither the condition I was in, the injury you were doing me, nor the word you had given me?

Madam, replied the Sultan, impute not to a shameful curiosity, an impatience, which the despair for having lost you, has alone suggested to me. It was not an usual trial of my ring, that I made on you; but I believed that I might, without breach
 of

of promise, make use of a resource, which restores you to my vows, and secures my heart to you for ever.

Prince, says the favorite, I believe you: but pray restore the ring to the Genius, and let not his fatal present disturb your heart or empire for the future.

Mangogul immediately made a prayer, and *Cucupha* appeared: "Almighty Genius, said *Mangogul*, take back your ring, and continue me your protection". Prince, answered the Genius, divide your days between love and glory. *Mirza* will certainly afford you the first of these blessings; and I promise you the second.

At these words the hooded spectre closed the tails of his owls, and went off, as he came, in a whirling motion.

T H E E N D.

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